

MONTEREY FESTIVAL ON AGAIN; ROME SHOW OFF



It Happened In 1967



For the ROLLING STONE AWARDS and first annual "Look Back In Anger" review of the year past, see Page 11. Janis Joplin, a winner, is shown above; a scene from the Gathering of the Tribes, another winner, below.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON WOLMAN

BOB DYLAN COMES OUT AT WOODY MEMORIAL

BY SUE C. CLARK

NEW YORK

Bob Dylan finally emerged from 18 months of self-imposed seclusion at the Woody Guthrie Memorial Concert in Carnegie Hall on January 20. His appearance had been announced and the two performances were sold out weeks in advance. Scalpers were reportedly getting \$25.00 per ticket, and at the concert itself people were standing on the

sidewalk and in the lobby begging, "Extra tickets? Any tickets for sale?"

In addition to Dylan, the memorial concert also featured Pete Seeger, Judy Collins, Woody's son Arlo Guthrie, Tom Paxton, Jack Elliot, Odetta and Richie Havens, all performing songs written by Guthrie. Before and after each song, Robert Ryan, the program's narrator, and Will Geer did readings from Guthrie's work, accompanied by slides and still photographs of his art.

The performers sat in a row across the stage, most of them

resplendently dressed. Odetta wore an orange and gold striped floor-length caftan, Judy Collins sported a red rose at the neck of her long-sleeved white blouse, while Richie Havens had on a purple silk Indian shirt beneath a black Nehru suit with a long jacket. But Bob Dylan, in a gun-metal grey silk mohair suit, blue shirt with green jewels for cuff links and black suede boots as well as his new beard and moustache, was the center of attention.

Most of the artists accompa-

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Adler Given First Shot at Fairgrounds

BY MICHAEL LYDON

The Monterey International Pop Festival is going to happen again—maybe, and — maybe again—the Festival will soon have straightened out the financial mess left after Monterey 1967.

Festival producer Lou Adler has spoken with George Wise, manager of the Monterey County Fairgrounds where the first festival was held, and asked that the grounds be tentatively reserved for June 21, 22, 23. Adler, who ran last year's Festival with John Phillips, has been unreachable, but friends say he is enthusiastic about the prospect of another one.

But so far no staff has been hired, and since first speaking with Wise early in January, Adler has done nothing to confirm the dates. "All he has to do is call," says Wise. "I liked working with Adler's group last year, and I am giving them first priority. But they will have to speak soon."

Adler has to decide because Charles Royal, publisher of Roy-

—Continued on Page 4

Rome 'Festival' Turns Out to Be Small Time Job

Out of the murk of small time promoters came the name of the "First International European Pop Festival," and back into the murk it has slipped, perhaps never to be heard from again. Originally planned for February, it has been postponed to May and may never come off at all.

The Festival, which had a letterhead, a few representatives in various capitals and, so says rumor, a pair of rich Americans and an Italian prince behind it, was scheduled for February 19 through 25 at Rome's Palazzo dello Sport. Over a dozen English groups were claimed to have signed, Country Joe and the Fish did sign a contract, and other American (mostly San Francisco) groups agreed to appear pending signing of contracts.

But late in January groups which had agreed got terse telegrams signed "First International European Pop Festival." The telegrams read: "Festival set back May-June; Sicilian disaster; delayed American acceptances; requests for delay for more widespread international representation; publicity; and backer's orders. Festival will happen. New negotiations within 30 days."

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CORRESPONDENCE:

SIRS:

Eric Clapton is a brilliant artist and a master guitar player so this may seem like a small point. But reading your review of the Cream's new album in the January 20 issue brought this thing to mind again and I just have to get it out.

You talk about the tune "Strange Brew." You say it's "really very far away from the usual blues stylings for which he has been noted." I don't really agree with that and here's why—the whole guitar part, both the rhythm figure and the solo (!), is copied (i.e., stolen) note-for-note from two tunes by a guy from Memphis named Albert King—"Oh, Pretty Woman" and "Crosscut Saw." (Both are now on his *Born Under a Bad Sign* album, Stax ST23.)

Albert's been around for quite a while—since the late '40s—that's quite a while. Like a lot of other lesser-known colored blues guitar players (Freddie King, Albert Collins, Wayne Bennett) he deserves a lot more recognition than he's gotten so far. I talked to him down in Memphis last summer and in an overwhelming understatement he said, "I've been at this game almost 20 years now. I think I'm due."

I've talked to Clapton, too, and I admire him very much but sometimes he's not willing to acknowledge the people who have influenced his past. This is one instance I just can't overlook.

Butterfield's new album—*The Resurrection of Pigboy Crabshaw*—also includes a King tune—"Born Under a Bad Sign," but somehow I think Albert can sing the lyrics with a little more conviction and understanding than most of the younger players he's influenced—"Born under a bad sign/Been down since I begin to crawl/If it wasn't for bad luck/I wouldn't have no luck at all."

JAMES PAYNE
NEW YORK, N.Y.

SIRS:

I think the best record reviews are the unsigned ones. Can you let me know whom I'm disagreeing with?

JIM MILLER
CLAREMONT, CALIF.

SIRS:

For certain people like me, with my interests, even when we are low on money, a subscription to a paper like yours is better for the soul than a lid—even many times so. I am happy to have been on the ball enough (for once) to subscribe right after the first issue.

I used to buy copies of *The Beat* now and then—this paper in preference to some others who were not at all critical, and to still others who lost me in a morass of verbiage and over-intellectualizations. The *Beat* irritated me by their lack of printed material: for this they substituted too many full and ½-page ads which were no more attractive for their enormous size, but which were several times as irritating withal, and they substituted enormous pictures whose size did nothing more for them either. So far the *STONE* has had plenty of printed material, has no "party line" (I think I have seen disagreement between articles in the same issue), and has a good deal of critical material—i.e., material which implies that there are standards and that this music is a separate-but-related art form with its own separate-but-related aesthetics. To my way of thinking this constitutes official recognition that this art-industry has "arrived." (Maybe the unofficial, popular recognition began with the release of *Revolver*, and semi-official recognition came with *Time* gobbling about *Sgt. Pepper*).

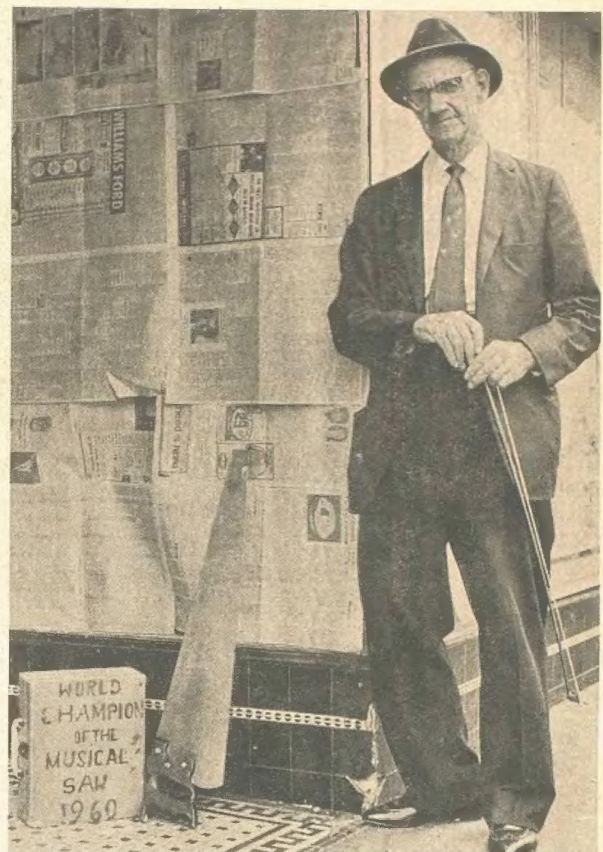
I'm happy to see that Gleason appears to be more critical here than in his syndicated columns. He is more of a "critical-type" critic here, as opposed to an "advertising-type" critic there. You don't have to be a bigot to judge the way I do, but it helps.

BUZZ VANDERSCHOOT
BERKELEY, CALIF.

SIRS:

Hey, man! Lee Michaels hasn't sung that song by Bob Dylan for nearly a year. Your reviewer must not have seen him in a long time. The songs on the album do sound pretty much the same, but so what; I saw him last summer and he's a groove.

SUSIE REDLICK
PHOENIX, ARIZ.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JIM SMIRCH

Dylan Returns For Woody Memorial

—Continued from Page 1
nied themselves on guitar while they sang, and the others played behind them. Dylan, however, sprawled in his chair with his eyes closed, seeming to be somewhere else entirely until it was his turn to play.

The crowd had been roused by Richie Haven's rendition of "I'd Rather Drink Muddy Water," after being mesmerized by Odetta. Then Dylan came on to do "Grand Coulee" and the reaction broke all previous bounds even before he began to sing. Playing acoustic Fender guitar and backed by another acoustic guitar—this one with an electrical pick-up—Fender bass and drums, he performed the number with a strong rock beat that had some girls in the audience boogalooing in their seats. On this and the other tunes the group performed the bassist sang harmony on the choruses—producing a unique

combination with Dylan's singular voice.

"Mrs. Roosevelt" was a slower arrangement, and the "I Ain't Got No Home" was very swinging, and brought everyone to his feet, applauding as the cast went off. Dylan smiled in spite of himself at the great reaction he got to each song, but wasted no time between numbers. In spite of the opening announcement forbidding cameras and taping, there was at least one flash when Dylan began to sing.

In the second part of the program, the biggest reception went to Pete Seeger singing "Reuben James," whipping up the crowd with a sing-along, which he had to endure. "I've Got To Know" was a powerful duet by Odetta and Havens. "Bound For Glory" gave everyone a chance to sing a verse, including some scatting by Jack Elliott, who was last to sing, and this broke the audience up again! "This Land Is Your Land" included Arlo on harmonica, and a duet with Judy Collins and Dylan on the second stanza.

At the end of the concert, the Guthrie family came out on stage, and Mrs. Guthrie, in an orange dress, was obviously moved by the marvelous tribute, and hugged and kissed each artist. When she got to Dylan, he blushed, in spite of himself. When the cast did go off stage, they did not come back, even for bows, and most of the crowd stayed, clapping, stamping their feet, begging more, more, more! Then, cries of "We Want Dylan" went up. Finally Pete Seeger came out and said, "Woody wants to say to you to take this music to the world, because if you do, maybe we won't have any more fascists."

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FLASHES:

Fish Working on Another Album

"Hello to the First Golden Era," a play on the title of the Mama's and Papa's pre-breakup Greatest Hits special, is the working title of a new album from Country Joe and the Fish, tentatively scheduled for release in May. The group went into Coast Recorders in San Francisco on January 20 to begin work on a number of tracks for the album.

Included in the list of songs they hope to get down are: "Side-ways They," "Magic Song," "The Munchie Store," and "Away Bounce Your Bubbles," all written by drummer Chicken Hirsch. "The Motown Extravaganza" by Country Joe himself, "Bruce's Thing" by Bruce Barthol, "As I Walk Along" by Barry Melton and a classical guitar piece by

David Cohen are also on the recording schedule.

Of particular note are the songs "Remember November" by Chicken, a song about Lucy and Linda; and "I Don't Want to Get Busted," a general hymn to youth by Barry. The latter has already been recorded as have "Bright Suburban Mr. and Mrs. Clean Machine," by Chicken and "The Brilliant Mojo Navigator," composed by Country Joe and the group's manager Uncle Ed Denson.

The group hopes to finish one actual recording in January or early February, sit on the tracks for a month, see if they hold together, make whatever improvements are necessary and have it ready for release in May.

Who Take New Album on Faith

The Who, off to Australia for a tour with the Small Faces, are planning a new album that will show them as more than just musicians—they are going to be preachers as well.

"We want to produce it on the lines of 'You've got to have faith in something better than yourselves,'" said Peter Townshend, guitarist of the group, "but no one will believe we are serious. Can you imagine Roger [Daltrey] standing there singing something like that?"

One track on the album will be "Glow Girl" by Townshend, which is also planned as the Who's next single. It deals with

a couple in a plane crash. As the plane goes down they discuss the things they value in life: the girl talks about her possessions, the boy, their love. Like the old "Teen Angel" type songs it also features a reincarnation angle. There will also be a Who-style commercial, this one an anti-smoking track to plug the "beat cancer" campaign in England.

"Actually, 'Glow Girl' may only be an American release as a single," Townshend said. "For England we're working on a very slow ballad number with wild guitar sound over the top. Only Keith [Moon] and I really agree about the new single—and that worries me."

West: A Little Help From Their Friends

West, the Mill Valley based country influenced group, will be heading for Nashville, Tennessee on February 5, to begin recording their first album for Columbia Records. Bob Johnston, Bob Dylan's A&R man, will produce the sessions. The group consists of six people: Bob Clair, formerly of the Lee Schipper Quintet, a Berkeley jazz group, who plays tenor, flute and baritone; Ron Cornelius, lead guitarist and a professional musician since age 14; Joe Davis, bass, who worked with Cornelius for a long time; Mike Stewart, rhythm guitarist and former vocalist for We Five; Davie Lloyd Perata, drummer and a trained tap dancer; Joe Sagan, bass trumpet, trombone and formerly Frank

Werber's right hand man at Trident Productions.

All of the members sing; the repertoire ranges from their originals to Fred Neil, Dylan, Donovan, Charles Lloyd, Hank Williams and a lot of country and western material. The group has been working at the Lion's Share in Sausalito and meeting very enthusiastic crowds. Despite the use of other people's material, their sound is their own.

Columbia hopes to have the album ready as soon as possible, perhaps even in March. Sagan says "We're going to go to Nashville, play what we play, let Johnston put it together and forget about it. There've been so many good people helping us that we want to thank them."

Meat And Monster Films For Mothers

Following the release of their latest album, *We're Only in It for the Money*, the Mothers of Invention have begun recording a movie soundtrack. The film, a documentary, is entitled *Uncle Meat*. Even though the film was not shot by the band, the editing will be done in terms of the music to effect stronger correlation between picture and sound. No date has yet been set for its release.

In addition to the scoring, the Mothers plan to travel to Japan and work on a monster movie. It

is assumed they will play the leading characters. Japan, according to head mother Frank Zappa, is "whether they do the best monster work."

The group intends to continue producing records as well as films and is in the process of forming their own record company. They are working on a new sound utilizing a number of violins and resonant piano strings, plus an assortment of side effects.



ADLER AFTER NEW FESTIVAL; MONTEREY MAYOR MAY OBJECT

—Continued from Page 1
al's World Countdown, is also asking for the Fairgrounds for his own Festival May 31 through June 2, and Wise will allow only one pop festival.

But even those the most critical of the conduct of the first festival say that they much prefer Adler's group rather than one run by Royal.

Any festival could be queered by opposition mounted by the Monterey City Council. Led by Mayoress Minnie Coyle, who has denounced last year's festival, the hippie crowd, and the plentiful marijuana (even though there were no arrests), the opposition comes from city businessmen who made little profit from the Festival and thought it hurt the resort town's image. Even Police Chief Frank Marinello, who once said he was won over to "the love generation," is expected to warn against a repeat. Wise is hopeful, however, that he can hold the opposition off.

Since Monterey 1968 is still just an idea, there are no details on leadership, organization, or financial arrangements, but if run by Adler, it could find itself still beset by the problems of Monterey 1967.

Only \$80,000 of the Pop Festival's \$211,000 profit, all of which was to go to charity, has been disbursed. Fifty thousand dollars was given in September to a Paul Simon project for free musical education to ghetto children. In November, Atlantic Record's Jerry Wexler was given \$25,000 for a Sam Cooke Memorial scholarship in Negro colleges, and in mid-January \$5,000 was given to the Los Angeles Free Medical Clinic.

The Festival plans to give another \$5,000 to the LA Clinic and \$10,000 to the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. After time to watch the success of Simon's project in New York, another \$50,000 may be given to a similar project in another city.

Should all that be paid out, the Festival would be left with something over \$60,000 which would be used, says publicist and Festival spokesman Derek Taylor, to get the second festival off the ground.

Will that make Monterey 1968 a "charity" to be run on more charitable lines than the first one? Many artists, particularly in San Francisco, doubt it, and are still angry at what they consider almost a "shuck job." Even Taylor admits that "there is a great gulf between some artists and the Festival management."

That may be widened by the continuing hassles over the still mysterious film. Shot in color by D. A. Pennebaker for ABC-TV, the film has not been shown on television, and may never be because the network has not found a sponsor willing to back it. Wanting to have it shown, Adler and Phillips have been negotiating with a major distribution company for its release as a movie feature. It may be out as early as mid-May.

At the Festival, when the 50-minute TV show was thought to be a sure bet, artists were told they could have no voice in its editing, but they might have a say in the editing and distribution of a 90-minute—or longer—movie, if one was ever made.

Now all has been reversed. Pennebaker has turned out one 78-minute film which may never be seen on TV, but may be marketed directly to movie houses without any artist consultation. If sold to a distributor, the first \$400,000 of the sale price would pay back ABC's underwriting and the rest, says Taylor, would "go to charity."

If there is a Festival at Monterey this year, one person who won't be there is Taylor, who handled the press during the three days and who has fended off criticism of the Festival while Adler and Phillips have been silent. He will be in England managing the music end of Apple, the Beatles' new umbrella company for all their business affairs.

"Last year Monterey was a happening. After all the problems, the spirit is still there," he said. "I wonder if it can be done again. Even if the artists were just as good and everything went well, if that spirit weren't there it wouldn't be worth it. You might as well not do it at all."



FLASHES:

George Harrison Writes Film Score

George Harrison will single-handedly write the music for *Wonderwall*, an Alan Clore Films production now being filmed in London. The movie, a full-length feature, concerns an eccentric professor and the young hippy girl who becomes involved with him.

Harrison, less prolific than the John Lennon-Paul McCartney team, has never attempted such an ambitious compositional project before. Joe Massot, *Wonderwall's* director and a friend of

George's, persuaded him to undertake the scoring of the film. McCartney wrote the music last year for the Boulting Brothers' *The Family Way*, which featured Hayley Mills.

Starring Jack McGowan and Jane Birkin, the movie is being produced by Clore and Andrew Braunsberg, both newcomers to film-making. There are plans for a soundtrack album of Harrison's music, but recording is not yet underway and no date has been set for its release.

Piccadilly's Illicit Love Affair

The Love Affair, a new English rock and roll group, is facing criminal charges for climbing the statue of Eros, god of love, in London's Piccadilly Circus. The group had just made a record titled "Everlasting Love," and undertook the climb in connection with photos to help publicize it.

Christopher Porteus, representing the prosecution in the case, charged that Michael Jackson, John Ellis, Charles Brayley, Lyton Guest and Maurice Bacon

had climbed into two troughs of water that surround the statue and started to bathe. "They were seen splashing water at people walking past," he claimed.

But the musicians, pleading not guilty to "using insulting behavior and obstructing the highway," denied they splashed anyone. When the photographer was unable to get the whole group in a picture with Cupid, they had climbed on the statue, The Love Affair admitted, but insisted they had otherwise committed no illegal acts.

New Twist: Club Stages Comeback

The ill-fated Kaleidoscope, at one time the shortest-established permanent floating dance hall in Los Angeles, has found a new home. It will begin "total environment" operation in the Hullabaloo on Sunset Boulevard in March.

Producers of Kaleidoscope — John Hartman, Skip Taylor and Gary Essert — report major remodeling of the huge club (formerly the Moulin Rouge) already under way. Plans call for a 360-degree light show and an all-new sound amplification system.

Last summer the Kaleidoscope was scheduled to open in the old Steve Allen (TV) Playhouse of

Hollywood, but when the landlord reneged, the club's first dance was held in the Ambassador Hotel. Later it moved to a club on the Sunset Strip, It's Boss (formerly Ciro's). False starts and cancellations followed and the Kaleidoscope hadn't been heard from in months when the producers announced they'd acquired rights to the Hullabaloo. The Hullabaloo was the old Moulin Rouge, from which "Queen For A Day" was once televised. Across the street is the Palladium, where every night scores of buses with a hundred old ladies line up for the Lawrence Welk Show.

Quicksilver Album on April Fool's Day

The Quicksilver Messenger Service, one of the original San Francisco rock and roll groups, will release their first album on April Fool's Day. Although the LP as yet has no definite title, the main composition is titled "The Fool," a piece approximately 15 minutes long and taking up one whole side of the record.

"The Fool" is divided into three parts, an instrumental introduction, a vocal in the middle and "The End." The cover of the LP is being designed by Rick Griffin, a local poster artist, and

the album is being produced by Harvey Brooks and Nick Gravenites, both members of the Electric Flag.

The album will be preceded by the release of a single, taken from the record, on March 15. The single will be one of five or six songs selected from ten that have been recorded for the other side of the album. Two already selected for the album are "Dino's Song" (also known as "I Don't Want to Spoil Your Party" by Dino Valenti), and "Pride of Man," by Hamilton Camp.

Czechoslovakia Has Own Pop Festival

More than 12,000 people attended the first Czechoslovak National Festival of Rock Music in Prague during December. Five concerts were held in Prague's Lucerna Hall from December 20 to 22. It was the first time in two years that Czechoslovak authorities had made such a large hall available for rock and roll. Fears of rioting had previously limited rock shows to small theatres.

Groups from 11 different towns participated in the festival. One of the most well-received

groups was the Primitives of Prague, which presented a show with lights, masks and fire and launched balloons at the audience. A jury awarded the first prize of the festival to the Soumen from Bratislava. That group had surprised the audience by singing their own composition with English lyrics.

The Festival was such a success that it is likely to become an annual event. Next year it may be opened to groups from the West.



BARON WOLMAN

FROM MEMPHIS TO MOSCOW: CHARLES LLOYD TAKES A TRIP

BY JERROLD GREENBERG

"Of course the Russian people liked our music very much, but the tape that was made of the concert had to be smuggled out of the country. The government wouldn't allow it to be played," Charles Lloyd said.

The concert he was referring to took place at a Moscow music festival at which his group, the first American musicians to play modern jazz in Russia, was a smashing success. Nor was this a new story. From the classically oriented Bergen Music Festival in Norway to the Monterey Jazz Festival, he has made stops in between at all the major cities and jazz festivals in Europe and the United States.

"I want to communicate the love I feel," he declared. He has reached every kind of listener—rock, jazz and classical. No one can argue about Lloyd's ability to express this message in musical terms, but his wide background in all types of music is important in communicating it.

Memphis, Tennessee, where Lloyd lived until he was eighteen, was (and still is) the center for the big-time urban blues bands of B. B. King, Bobby Bland and others who feature an emotional vocalist, electric instrumentation and a screaming saxophone section. He first played professionally with these bands, and though he hasn't forgotten the long bus rides between gigs, the low pay and the generally bad conditions on tours through the South as a sideman for King and other bluesmen, he remembers those times with a certain amount of fondness.

During Lloyd's recent gig at the Fillmore Auditorium in San Francisco, the Paul Butterfield Blues Band was the other featured group, and as Lloyd listened to them he said, "That music makes me a little nostalgic." But, he hastened to add, "That was then and now is now."

After a musical education at the University of Southern California that stressed Bartok and the atonal composers and several years with established but conservative jazz groups, "now" is the Charles Lloyd Quartet. In his opinion, Keith Jarrett, pianist and sometime flugelhorn player, Ron McClure, bassist, and

Jack DeJohnette, the drummer, are as responsible for the Quartet's success as he is. The brand of music they play is closely related to "free jazz" or the "New Thing" as it is often called; there are no restrictions on chord structure (harmony), tone (the instruments are frequently played in unconventional ways—Jarrett may reach into the piano and pluck or strum the strings, Lloyd can produce an assortment of squawks, squeaks, honks and hoarse rasps on the tenor sax and even on the flute) and rhythm (a piece may change meters as it is being played or be played in no regular beat at all).

But while many musicians are exponents of this style, most notably Ornette Coleman (alto sax and violin) and the late John Coltrane (tenor), only Charles Lloyd has been able to excite the rock audience, to many of whom jazz is a four letter word. He has appeared repeatedly at the Fillmore, and his records are featured in many collections that otherwise hold only rock and roll.

"Labels don't matter," he insists. "I like playing to young people and I think they can hear it in my music. Maybe the reason that Ornette and Archie Shepp don't play places like this (the Fillmore) is because they don't want to," Lloyd said, "but I do. There is no compromise in the way I play—we do the same things here that we do at Newport or nightclubs—but we play with love and try to communicate that, and the kids can hear it."

Certainly his willingness to perform tunes normally associated with rock like Lennon-McCartney's "Here, There and Everywhere" hasn't hurt him with his new fans. The virtuosity of all the Quartet's members has impressed and attracted rock musicians and musically sophisticated listeners. Still, Charles Lloyd's openness to ideas—musical and otherwise—his sincerity and his joy in playing and above all, communicating, were the matchmakers in the love affair between him and what Otis Redding called "the Love Crowd," who have begun to think that jazz, at least when the Charles Lloyd Quartet plays it, is not such a dirty word after all.

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FLASHES:

'Conspicuous Only In Its Absence'

A curious piece of San Francisco musical history will be brought to light early this year when Columbia Records releases an album of tapes made by an early—and now defunct—San Francisco group, the Great Society. The unit, which disbanded over a year ago, was never a very good one, but its members happened to include Grace Slick, now with Jefferson Airplane, and her brother-in-law, Darby Slick, who wrote "Somebody to Love."

According to Peter Abrams, who manages the Matrix, the nightclub where the Airplane got

its start and where the Great Society tapes were made, Columbia gave him (as producer) and the members of the defunct band a \$20,000 advance on the recording. The members of the group were Grace, Darby, Grace's husband Jerry Slick, David Miner and Peter Van Gelder.

The tapes, made in the spring and summer of 1966, include the following titles: "Sally Go 'Round the Roses," "Outlaw Blues," "Often as I May," "Father Bruce," "Grimly Forming," and "I Didn't Think So" plus "White Rabbit" and "Somebody to Love."

Moby Grape Cleared in Court

Three members of Moby Grape were cleared of charges of possession of marijuana and contributing to the delinquency of minors. A Marin County (across the Golden Gate Bridge from San Francisco) jury voted to acquit Peter Lewis, Jerry Miller and Skip Spence of charges made against them when they were arrested in two separate cars in the Sausalito Hills last year on June 7.

The arrest took place at 2:00 A.M. immediately following a press and promotion party thrown by Columbia Records at the Avalon Ballroom, the day

their record was released. Three minor girls arrested with them were later released.

The musicians' court defense claimed that the girls were high school students interviewing the three members of Moby Grape for their school newspaper. The reason, the defense said, that Skip Spence was discovered by officers with his belt unbuckled was that he had worn a belt with a large buckle to the press party and although it was comfortable when he was standing, it cut into his skin while seated; hence Skip unbuckled. The narcotics charges were dropped before the actual trial began.

Police Resume Haight Raids

San Francisco Police resumed armed sweeps of Haight Street in the middle of January, arresting dozens of persons nightly who happen to be around when a squad of policemen march down the street. According to an officer at the Park Station, located on the edge of the Haight-Ashbury district, "It's the only way to keep the street under control. We plan to keep it up as a regular thing now."

The police tactic, which was first used toward the end of last summer, involves a squad of perhaps a dozen or more cops from a downtown precinct marching

straight down Haight Street, stopping everyone on the sidewalk. Anyone who does not have an I.D. or cannot satisfactorily answer a policeman's questions gets arrested and put in a waiting paddy wagon.

The first night of the new police sweeps resulted in 20 arrests on a variety of charges. The next night cops picked up 41 persons, but again only 20 were held. Observers of local politics in San Francisco, say that the resumption of harassment in the Haight Ashbury has the explicit approval of newly elected Mayor Joseph Alioto.

Pop Goes L.A. Radio -- Again

The pop radio scene in Los Angeles is changing again, with one Top 40 station switching to an all-news format and a new FM station cutting into the rockers remaining on the dial. Beginning in early March, KFWB, a Westinghouse station, will go to a 24-hour news operation—following lead of two other Westinghouse stations, WINS in New York and KYW in Philadelphia. About a year ago KFWB switched from a hard rock station to a middle-of-the-road rock station. This format seemed to be working and the announcement of round-the-clock news came as a

shock to everyone on the KFWB staff.

Meanwhile, Tom Donahue's new FM outlet, KPCC in Pasadena, is reported to be hitting the remaining rockers — KHJ and KRLA — where it hurts, in listeners. No rating reports have been released, but KPCC is not really lacking in the commercial department, and that proves something. KPCC also attracted one of KFWB's top deejays — B. Mitch Reed. (This, weeks before the announced KFWB format change.) KPCC's format is similar to KMPX's in San Francisco — lots of good music album cuts and few commercials.

Dylan LP to be a Million Seller

Bob Dylan's first recording in 17 months is certain to be certified a million-selling record within the month. In less than a week after its release to the retail stores, John Wesley Harding has sold more than 250,000 copies. Columbia Records executives say

it is one of the "fastest breaking" records in their memory.

Dylan's current popularity is slightly amazing to the record industry—he had not performed publicly for 16 months or put any new material before the public during that time.



NEW CREAM WORK IS 'SERIES OF JUMPING OFF POINTS'—ERIC

BY NICK JONES

They are the Cream. Baker, Bruce and Clapton: and there's not many desperados who would hitch up their breeches and roll down the dusty main street to meet the Cream in battle at high noon.

There's something just formidable about the Cream, maybe it's the multi-talented Baker, Bruce and Clapton, brimming with musical confidence and religiously slaying their audiences night after night with a bedazzling hurricane of technique, drama, emotion and zooming spirit.

Maybe it's that hairy satanic aura, the cool hard gaze of Eric Clapton from beneath that underworld of hair, the deep colorful mystery of their flowing robes. Maybe it's the creamy texture of both the group and their music.

Admittedly, though, one's fondest memories of the Cream are their stunning live performances. That giant bank of amplification, red indicators shining, make an impressive science fiction-like backdrop of thundering rocket power; Ginger Baker up on his drum rostrum, a flashing angry hobgoblin weaving percussive spells, and stamping his heeled boots until you could hear the earth shake.

Suddenly the gentle voice of Jack Bruce, head cocked to one side, might float through the churning clouds and all the lights would go purple and the scene would change again—but how can the experience of a live group on stage ever be put onto record.

The Cream certainly, have been criticized by quite a few members of the public—fans, at that—on the tricky relationship between live experiences and recorded ones.

The first album was "Fresh Cream" which they made fairly soon after their formation and which was, justifiably, an "early works" album. However, its blues content kept the fans at ease.

The new Cream album, "Disraeli Gears," caused quite a shock wave of comments from, firstly, the blues fans who were dissatisfied with the lack of obvious blues numbers, and secondly, at the other end of the scale, with some of the highly imaginative hippies whose insatiable appetites demanded "further out" material.

Frequent glimpses of this "Kingdom of Freakdom" could be sensed in a Cream live performance, with its colors and its atmosphere, and even a straight blues could become way, way out in the right surroundings.

Like most really creative groups the Cream had a problem—a schizophrenic audience, not unlike the occasional Stones fans still shrieking for "Not Fade Away."

So who were the Cream to please? The hangover of hard blues appreciators who have followed Eric Clapton through the Yardbirds, and still have "Telephone Blues" ringing in their ears?

The hippies sifting through the pop scene searching for new heroes and villains?

The new Cream fans attracted by the image and the gloss and the hit with "I Feel Free"?

Or, maybe themselves?

Last week the magnificent three left for Atlantic Studios in New York to commence work on their third LP. They had planned a fruitful twelve-day recording slog only to discover that Aretha Franklin had managed to book some sessions.

"Although we don't mind," the Cream are back to squeezing their new album into seven sessions.

"In fact we've got too many numbers already written," said Eric before leaving last week, "and we've recorded three already but I don't know if they'll be all right for the album. I should think between the three of us we've got about three new LPs!"

How do the group feel about the gap between live performances and their albums?

"Well, you know, when we're recording things aren't much different from a live show. We don't use a lot of effects or things like that. It's just the Cream making an LP as opposed to the Cream on stage."

Into which field does Eric see the new album's material fitting?

"Well, I think whereas the last LP was a collection of songs, the stuff we're writing now is really more a series of jumping-off points rather than just songs."

"Personally I've written a lot of things that have a lot of different sections and I'd like to play these sections all together in one song, but be able to improvise freely on each section."

"I'm certain a lot of the numbers will be much longer on this new album," smiled Eric. "I mean you've got to have that room to move about a bit—which is what you do on stage anyway—so why not on record. I suppose we could do a double LP!"

Although they're a very solid group the Cream haven't yet exploded onto

—Continued on Page 22

PERSPECTIVES: CHANGING WITH MONEYCHANGERS

BY RALPH J. GLEASON

When The Beatles first began, long before The Cavern and Brian Epstein came into their lives, what they wanted to do was to play rock 'n roll in the old, pre-intellectual and pre-art style.

This meant that they were in the Jerry Lee Lewis, Elvis Presley bag (and the guy who wrote "Blue Suede Shoes") as well as in the Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, Chuck Berry bag.

These performers not only had been audible in England via BBC broadcasts and Radio Luxemburg and other stations (plus the sale of records) but had appeared there. In the 50s, British jazz fans, intellectuals and youngsters were aware of the existence of Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters. Jim Crow kept this from being possible in the U.S.A.

So when The Beatles began they based their styles on those they admired (just as Miles Davis began his career playing like Dizzy Gillespie and Charles Lloyd is still most of the time in the shadow of John Coltrane).

The validation of r & b by British artists turned it all around in a kind of cultural feed-back and made Americans aware of these artists in the Sixties.

The Rolling Stones, for instance, actually began their career in an admitted attempt (as Mick Jagger says) to get jazz out of the British clubs.

Once the British groups really got into the thing, however, they had the talent (at least The Beatles and the Stones did) to take it all on out beyond mere imitation into their own style. No one who can hear, today, can possibly find any way in which The Beatles imitate black musicians.

The Rolling Stones have not made it as far as The Beatles (after all, the lads are incredibly talented individually as performers, comics, writers, players and all that) and they may not make it. Other British groups, such as the Kinks and Then brought a small part of their own thing into being though beginning as imitators. The Cream and The Who in a sense began after the imitation stage was past, but they are a different story.

In this country, the rock 'n roll scene developed parallel to r & b and even the best of it, Dion & the Belmonts, Gene Pitney, etc., are really not very good by comparison to what is going on now. There was a lot of crap on both sides of the racial fence, though the black artists such as the blues singers and groups like The Drifters really laid down beautiful things. But The Coasters, for all their humor, didn't do any original material. It was all, or almost all, written for them by Lieber-Stoller, Phil Spector, first as a songwriter and then as a producer, made music out of kidding around and moved the whole thing light years up.

The Beach Boys began as fraternity house, hot rod-surfing crew-cut teen agers singing about white high schools and recreation but doing it over an eight-to-the bar, boogie woogie bass line borrowed from the blacks. Like The Beatles, they were moved to go into their own thing and to become serious about it. With the Beatles this inevitable process, (inevitably because they were 3,000 miles away from the center of gravity racially and musically) led to great music via poetry, electronics and a new kind of literature.

With the Beach Boys the necessity of recharging the batteries led to a lot of pretentious nonsense aided and abetted by the flacks calling Brian Wilson a genius. The Beach Boys are a logical extension of Pat Boone and Ricky Nelson (as well as Paul Anka). They look like and perform like summer resort boozers, Fort Lauderdale weekend collegians. They sound like that, too.

What is happening with the important groups (and the mere selling of records does not make a group or a singer important or Paul Anka, Frank Sinatra and The Buckinghams would be important to contemporary pop and they are not) is that they have risen through imitation and eclecticism into individuality.

The Jefferson Airplane is a fine example of this. Their album, "After Bathing at Baxter's," is the best album any American rock group has made. The Doors are also an example and there are others, including Country Joe & the Fish and The Quicksilver Messenger Service.

These groups are now creating the music out of their own experience, out of their own heads and in the process are also creating a life style which is going to change America.

It has already made important and basic changes in the record world (which is an accurate reflection of the American society). RCA Victor balked at an early Airplane lyric because of what were considered to be psychedelic (i.e. drug) overtones. Yet they were happy to sell hundreds of thousands of "White Rabbit."

Capitol has given the Quicksilver Messengers and The Steve Miller Blues band around \$50,000 each in advances to sign plus other benefits including gold watches. This is absolutely and completely a break with tradition. One contract is now in the works which will limit the length of time a company may own a tune and the groups are also retaining their own publishing rights.

If rock can change the business world, what can't it do? C. Wright Mills (who was a kind of rock'n roll sociologist) wrote *The Power Elite* which told you who really ran this country. The sociologists put him down, since the people he attacked paid their salaries. But he told it true. This society works on money. Change the way the moneychangers change money and you change the society. Rock is doing that.

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B. B. KING

During his recent engagement at the Fillmore Auditorium here, B. B. King sat down with Ralph J. Gleason one afternoon at the KQED studios and taped the following interview.

The blues is the wellspring of American popular music, the well-spring of jazz and it's coming into a renaissance today. B. B. King, you've been playing and singing the blues all your professional life. Do you ever get tired of it?

No. No, I don't ever get tired, Ralph. One thing that does bother me sometimes, I think that the people, maybe, are getting tired of it. I feel a little funny sometimes when I start to performing but once they start their, you know, they clap their hands or what have you, I never get tired of it.

Do you play songs that you've played over and over again over the course of years? Do you find new things to do in them? Does the music give you greater scope as time goes on?

Yes, it does in one way. Well, for instance, most times that I've recorded, we never did much rehearsing unless we were going to do certain types of tunes like blues ballad or something like that, maybe we would do quite a bit of rehearsing because you had to have big arrangements for large orchestras. But as a whole, we go in with something like today, sit down, run it down a couple of times, and by head you hear . . . In a lot of cases we cut it then. My point I'm trying to get over, you're not too familiar with it, you do it the best you can then, but over the years you find out or you say to yourself, "Why didn't I do this? Why didn't I do that?" So then you find different things that you can make it . . . At least you think you're improving it, but the people sometimes say, "No, why don't you do it like you did five years ago?" And then the younger set they'll accept what you're doing but some of the older ones say, "No, I remember you played 'Three O'clock in the Morning' this way." You can't always say whether you're doing it better, but we find different ways to do it and I think as time changes, I believe you change a little bit with it, a lot of times not even recognizing that you are.

Do you find the blues today different than when you came up as a young player?

Oh, yes. Yes, I do in many ways because when I first started out listening to people like my cousin Bukka White, Blind Lemon, people like that, Sonny Boy Williamson, all those guys was my idols then. I really dug those people just like the young kids would dig Smokey Robinson and the Miracles or the Beatles, or somebody like that. And I didn't have any feeling about what the people thought about it. In other words, I liked it and I didn't care if nobody else did like it. Then later on, after I started into trying to play myself, I found that sometimes, well a little bit, well not actually ashamed but I was almost afraid to say that I was a blues singer. Because it looked like people kind of looked down on you a lot of times when you mention the word blues. But I thank God today I can stick out my chest and say, yeah, I'm a blues singer!

The first blues that you heard, were they instrumental blues or were they vocal blues?

Ah, both, because as I mentioned, people that I idolized so much, the older blues singers, Leadbelly and all these people, Josh White, well I don't mean Josh was that, but Leadbelly, my cousin Bukka White, all these people would sing and play. But then the people I think that influenced me most was T-Bone Walker, Lowell Fulson, Elmo James, then there was Johnny Moore, Three Blazers, they were the people that had the bluesy feeling that made me feel so good. But then I was somewhat you might say jazz-minded too, maybe it was a intermingling of this that created the style that I play now, because I was



crazy about Charlie Christian and I also liked, one of my favorites, real favorites, was Django Reinhardt and I imagine today if you listen to my playing, you'll hear a little bit of all of them. I'm telling my secret. But

I think a little bit of all of those people I liked, with my own ideas, created the B. B. King twinging guitar sound, maybe.

Did you hear Django and Charlie Christian when you were young or

after you came off the plantation, you said you were driving a tractor during World War II?

Yes.

In the Mississippi Delta. Had you heard players like that then?

I had heard Charlie Christian. I heard him with Benny Goodman, they used to have these little, I think they call them ten cent movies or what have you. During that time we used to watch them, we got a chance to hear people. The people that I really liked then were people that seemed to have the soul that I could feel. There was a lot of big bands around during that time but Basie somehow or another always stuck to me because I liked Jimmy Rushing, see. I liked Jimmy's singing and an arrangement that they would have around Jimmy really got to me. And then I would listen to Duke Ellington. And I liked Duke because a lot of times he had people like Al Hibbler singing. And I in fact remember . . . what I'm trying to get to, Benny Goodman, during that time, would feature Charlie Christian quite a bit. And I'd get a chance to hear that and I could feel that soul down there. And I think this is one of the few things that started me to listening to the guitar. Well, I take that back. I had been listening because I remember my uncle was married to a sanctified preacher's sister. And this preacher after church on a Sunday afternoon, would visit his sister, which was my aunt. And he'd always lay his guitar on the bed and I'd go get it as soon as they'd turn their backs. I think this is really what started me to fooling with the guitar. Not by listening to some of the other people. But I like blues, evidently it and the spiritual music always stuck with me, I guess. My mother started me singing when I was about four or five. I used to sing with her. And I think I just had it inside.

That feeling on the guitar, that singing string, what was the phrase you used for it before?

Twing?

Twinging. This is your own, this is your contribution?

I think so. I think it is 'cause I've heard so many guys since I've started playing sound that way, and I don't remember ever hearing anybody before that. Not before that.

Do you have the feeling that your voice and the guitar are interchangeable, you sing on the guitar and you play with the voice?

I think so. You know, listening to horn players after I started trying to play, I hear a guy playing and he phrases a note, other words bends it like Lester Young used to do. Well, I can hear myself singing when I play. That may sound weird, but I can hear the words that I'm saying and a lot of times they don't mean as much to me as the way I say it. And I think this is the same thing I've tried to do on the guitar. It's been a sound that I've heard for years but I haven't quite got it exactly like I want it. I believe a guy should be able to phrase on a guitar almost like the singing of a violin or saxophone, really, and this, I guess, is what I've been trying to get. I can't tell anybody what I want to hear. But I hear it myself, but I can't play it. I don't know how to really get it myself.

But you'll know when you get it?

I think so, I think so.

Those tempos are so easy, and so natural, do you have anything particular in mind when you choose tempos to do things in?

No. Well, for instance, I feel that if I'm playing a dance I'll put it like that, if I'm playing a dance I'll try to play something that's not too fast for the people to dance on but just fast enough for them to move comfortably, 'specially the younger set because now I notice they don't dance like they did back in the late fifties.

They sure don't.

But then boogie woogies and things like that, if you have something where people could kind of shake about a bit, they liked that better than they did the slow draggy thing. But today now, they want a medium type of tempo like, uh, well I would say a beat on two and four where they can do like so. But if we're playing a club, especially a club

—Continued on Page 17

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARON WOLMAN

It Happened In 1967



"The biggest underground cancer of last year" was the Lovin' Spoonful situation. Steve Boone and Zal Yanovsky were busted in San Francisco in 1966 for possession of marijuana. In order to get the charges against them dropped, they "made a deal" with narcotics officers and ended up by setting up a buy between a San Franciscan to whom they had been introduced and narcotics officers. That story came out in 1967. No question it was a bummer.

But the biggest bummer was the way in which so many supposedly "loving" people attacked the group. Some party took a full-page advertisement in a Los Angeles underground paper urging people not to buy their records, boycott their concerts and, to the girls, not to ball them. As Ralph Gleason said in Rolling Stone, "It didn't say anything about guys balling them. . . . Do we really want to be selling postcards at the hanging?"

Before the news of the bust made the rounds, the Lovin' Spoonful put out a fantastic album, *Hums*, with three or four single hits on it, three or four more potential singles and the classic "Nashville Cats." Zally left to go solo and was replaced by Jerry Yester, formerly of the Association. After that, they released two singles, "She's Still A Mystery" and "Six O'Clock," good songs, but nothing like "Do You Believe in Magic." Their soundtrack for *You're A Big Boy Now* was released and has three or four extremely nice cuts.



The major musical news out of the Monterey Pop Festival was the electrifying performance of

The strain of three years together was too much for the Byrds and the majority of them decided to go their own ways: Gene Clarke, Mike Clarke and David Crosby were all out of the picture by the end of the year. The most interesting departure was that of Crosby's. At the Monterey Pop Festival, he told the crowd that the Warren Commission report was seriously mistaken and quoted Paul McCartney on LSD; Jim McGuinn asked the outspoken Crosby to leave the group; Crosby said he would head for Florida to spend some

time on his yacht before making any more decisions.

Big Brother and the Holding Company and in particular the proof that Janis Joplin might be the major female voice of her generation. At the Pop Festival Big Brother were judged so extraordinary that they were brought back for a repeat performance. In "Love Is Like A Ball And Chain," Janis' performance was such that as she reached the crescendo of each chorus, with her hand she raised people from their seats.

Yet they were beset by a number of annoying problems in the commercial end of music. An album of poorly recorded, badly mixed and premature practice tapes was released, by Mainstream Records, a company with which they had signed over a year ago and with whom they had broken off relations and recording. But Mainstream held their contract and wouldn't let go or sell it back to them or another company for less than—as has been reported—\$250,000.

They let go of their second manager (they were in between managers when they signed the Mainstream Contract) and ended up signing with Albert Grossman, who also handles Bob Dylan, Paul Butterfield, Richie Havens, Odette and a number of others. Grossman intends to get the contract away from Mainstream.

Anyway, Janis will be the perpetual winner of *The Rolling Stone Southern Comfort Award*.

time on his yacht before making any more decisions.

The major recording success they had was with the release of *Younger Than Yesterday*, an album characterized by improvement over their previous two LP releases and somewhat of a return to their original musical style. From the record came "My Back Pages," a Dylan song which got them a single hit and "Have You Seen Her Face," with a beautiful guitar solo. Both of them were on Top-40.

To the Byrds, *The Rolling Stone Turn, Turn, Turn Award*.



BARON WOLMAN

Probably the hottest new group in 1967 was the Doors: Ray Manzarek, Robby Kreiger, John Densmore and—ripping through the crowd, jumping on stage, tearing his clothes off, and screaming "Drama! Drama! Drama!"—Jimi Morrison. Within two and a half months after their first record release, success was theirs: "Light My Fire" became a number one and their album went nearly to the top of the record charts. They followed that with *Strange Days*, a single of the same name and "Love Me Two Times," all of which received immediate airplay.

But more striking than their success on record was their numerous personal appearances. At one point, Morrison, who tends to be somewhat expressive, incorporated into his act a fall off the stage into the audience. He dropped that part of it, but for most people's taste the bulk of his writhing was still too excessive.

Excess did become excess, and in New Haven, Connecticut, he was arrested by police for on-stage obscenity, according to Morrison, because of the cops' previous harassment of him backstage sung to the tune of "Back Door Man."

As the year ended, he was being trailed by a horde of reporters and photographers from Life Magazine, had made the pages of Vogue in leather and in flesh and was the subject of much "new sex symbol" speculation. Morrison also rated coverage in 16 Magazine in the form of first person "love affair" true stories. The group gets a *Rolling Stone Newcomer of the Year Award* and Morrison himself gets *The Rolling Stone Memories Are Made of This Award*.



BARON WOLMAN

The Winter Solstice in January was the occasion for the Gathering of the Tribes, a human-be-in on the Polo Fields of Golden Gate Park, that great refuge of nature located next to the Haight-Ashbury district. Twenty thousand people, maybe more, maybe less, came together on a warm Saturday afternoon for the largest non-specific gathering that

can be recalled. No talk of war or anti-war, politics, or protest. It was something else altogether.

"There's been nothing like it since the Persians," said Ambrose Hollingworth. Timothy Leary and Allen Ginsburg were joined there by Dizzy Gillespie. Although the police gave out parking tickets by the hundreds, it was the Hell's Angels who were the peace officers of the day.

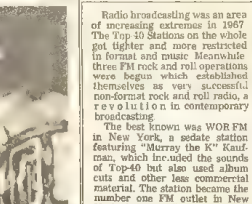
And just that spirit carried the event from sunrise to sunset at Ocean Beach.

The event was imitated widely, even by record companies for promoting their products, but that is the American system. The Gathering of the Tribes on that January 14 was a winner of *The Rolling Stone Great Moment Award*.



and never was shown, he was supposed to have edited the galley proofs of a book he wrote called *Tarantula*, but the publishers never got them back or at least never printed the volume (luckily, for it isn't very good) — and he tried to stop publication of Robert Kramer's book of photographs, *Bob Dylan, Kramer won* and the book is beautiful.

Despite his absence his old records remained high on the charts and a *Greatest Hits* package was released to fantastic sales. But in retrospect, we can confidently award him *The Rolling Stone Buy Now Pay Later Medal*.



York. But as fall came, rumors that the station was turning over to a programmer Bill Drake, notorious for his "lowest common denominator" theory of programming, rolled. Kaufman was fired, other jockeys cut and a WOR-FM was rebranded into a standard AM-style operation.

The most fascinating changes in radio took place on the west coast, at KMPX-FM, run by disc-jockey and KPO-FM run by ex-AM KPO-burnt, new style AM disc-director Big Boy Donahue. KMPX had been a foreign language station with only Larry Miller and a few night-to-stay rock shows (which, was, and still is, the best rock program in the city, but KMPX provided the energy and talents to bring off 24 hours of rock around the clock, and to make the station the top rated Northern California outlet, although the competition was

Angels. The Fish were the first local band to go to London where they played two performances at the Christmas On Earth show over the weekend and then returned. The first night the group was thrown out of the Mayfair Hotel because the management didn't like "hippies." For Country Joe and the Fish, The Rolling Stone Doing The Thimo Award.

Brian Jones visited the Monterey Pop Festival, but no one else was able to make it. Later in the year he was given a jail sentence on a drug charge, but has not yet served any time. Jagger and Keith Richards were also in court and sentenced on dope charges.

Entire *Majesties* featured a three-dimension cover piece and a variety of unusual sound colleges and rock and roll. To Rolling Stone writer Jon Landau, it was a serious musical setback for the Stones, but for most of their other fans (and Landau is one of their most dedicated,) the record was well worth the price.

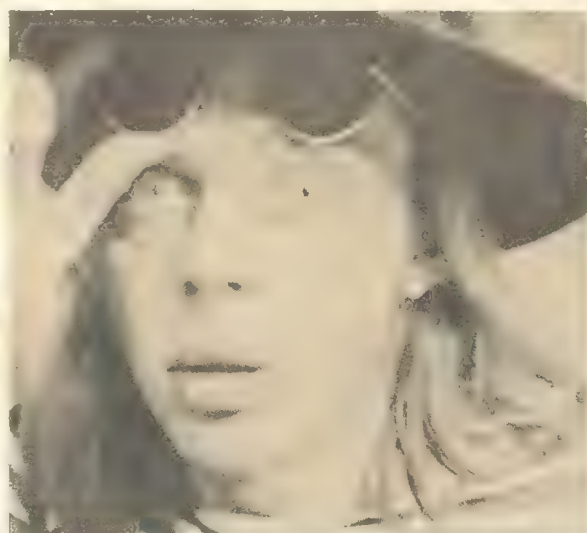
What else but *The Rolling Stone Rolling Stone Award*?

With his new personnel, Burdon began to haunt San Francisco, playing a number of gigs at the Fillmore and was a surprise act at the Monterey Pop Festival where he debuted "San Franciscan Nights," his tribute to the pleasures of San Francisco, Haight Street, cops, drugs, love and the Hell's Angels. It had great commercial success. In the same vein, he released a follow-up single titled "Monterey," about his experiences at the Pop Festival. His new group's one album release or MGM was called *Winds of Change*, a double-flap production full of prose and poetry about his new life and changed vision of the world.

It Happened In 1967



Name-changing (Supremes to Diana Ross and the Supremes, Martha and the Vandellas to Martha Reeves and the Vandellas) and the lustre of nightclub show-biz were the signs of serious weakness at Motown last year. Despite their usual giant show of singles, top groups, top songs and top sales, 1967 didn't seem to be their year. The great records they made in the year past included Stevie Wonder's "I Was Made to Love Her," Martha (Reeves) and the Vandellas' "Honey Chile," and Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell's "There Ain't No Mountain High Enough." The Supremes may be hopeless, but those three tunes were total stone grooves.



Jefferson Airplane was the real flagship of San Francisco. It led the assault by the natives on outlying areas. Last year it issued two albums, *Surrealistic Pillow* and *After Bathing At Baxter's*. *Surrealistic Pillow* made it as high as position five on the best-selling LP charts. Two Airplane singles, "Somebody to Love" and "White Rabbit," both sung by Grace Slick, the former written by her brother-in-law and the latter by herself, hit way up on the single charts. For a while, "Feed Your Head" became a national refrain of sorts.

The group toured extensively throughout the United States; they played numerous concerts from the Hollywood Bowl to Hunter College in New York. The Airplane exposed the nation's attention to San Francisco; they opened up the vaults from which came fantastic advances on record contracts to other San Francisco groups, like \$50,000 and \$60,000 to the Steve Miller Band and Quicksilver Messenger Serv-

ice from Capitol Records.

But the group came under legal fire from a local nightclub called the Matrix which claimed it was in on their beginning but never got it in the end. That was on top of a million dollar or so suit filed against them by their ex-manager, Matthew Katz, with whom they came to a fortuitous parting of the ways.

The Airplane and the Fillmore Auditorium were featured on television programs and in magazine articles of all sorts. The most memorable one, though, was a late 1966 piece in *Newsweek* in which a picture of Moby Grape was used over the caption "Jefferson Airplane at Fillmore: 'A Big Love Thing Going Around.'"

They wanted to call their *Bathing at Baxter's* album by another name but their record company said no. The other name: *Good Shit*. For that the Jefferson Airplane gets *The Rolling Stone Jefferson Airplane Award*.



The Spencer Davis Group went through a major change in personnel this year: their star vocalist and pianist, 18-year-old Stevie Winwood, left as did his brother, bass player Muff Winwood. Muff has retired for a while, but Stevie formed his own group, Traffic.

Spencer Davis Group finally made it to the United States with Stevie on record but without him in personal appearances. On record, Stevie was the main man behind "Gimme Some Lovin'" and "I'm A Man," two musical monsters. Two albums, carrying the same names, were also released; the tracks on them were thoroughly jumbled in order of placement and original time of recording.

Traffic, Stevie's new group, immediately retired for the English countryside where they stewed, rehearsed and prepared for recording. They had time to appear in the Beatles' *Magical Mystery Tour* before sitarist and lead guitarist Dave Mason decided he should split from Traffic. Two Traffic singles were released in this country, "Paper Sun" and "Hole in My Shoe." Neither saw any action and the group's album, *Dear Mr. Fantasy*, was, unfortunately, not released at all.

The main achievement of the Mama's and Papa's in 1967 was their indispensable aid in putting together the Monterey Pop Festival. If anybody ran the show, it was John and Michelle Phillips. Cass was busy having a baby and Denny was running around the country spending his money.

Their musical output was good but disappointing in contrast to their earlier work. *The Mamas and Papas Deliver* was a thin album, and the majority of their single releases were also very weak.

At the end of the summer, they went en masse to England where Cass was promptly arrested on a warrant brought forward by some hotel owner who claimed that she had taken his hotel's bath towels when she was last in London. This occasioned a big hassle, the cancellation by the group of their English appearances and the announcement that they were all splitting up. Their creativity was drained, they said. Some headed home and some for Greece. Eventually they all got back together in Los Angeles, but they said they were still talking about solo efforts and the like, and on and on. *The Rolling Stone Up Creeque Alley Without A Paddle Award*.



The Grateful Dead were involved in their usual number of incredible trips this year. The most noteworthy was when their house was raided by a narcotics invasion force and two members and three managers and a dozen and one friends were taken to jail. The case had not come up for trial by the end of the year.

Their first, and so far, only album release, sold well in many areas, especially locally, but did not make a big impression around the country. The general consensus was that the record could have been much better. Perhaps because of their bad results from the studios, Warner Brothers could not get another record out of them in 1967 and will apparently have to wait for it to come in 1968. The Dead get it: *The Rolling Stone Livin' Is Easy Award*.

It was a good year for the moving pictures, and a number of good ones turned up. The most famous among them now is *Bonnie & Clyde*, which has set up some sort of weird chain reaction. *Blow-Up* also comes under the heading of fine films. Another forget-me-not in this garden of memories is *Don't Look Back*, a day in the life of Bob Dylan; *Festival*, a record of the Newport Folk Festivals over the past years, with performances by Bob Dylan, Donovan, Joan Baez, Paul Butterfield, Mike Bloomfield, Son House, Odetta, Judy Collins, Pete Seeger and a dozen others.

Rock and roll artists contributed their talents to a number of other movies: John Lennon, of course, took one of the major parts in Richard Lester's *How I Won the War*; Paul McCartney wrote the theme for *The Family Way*; The Lovin' Spoonful scored *You're A Big Boy Now*; Simon & Garfunkel contributed dramatic background songs for Mike Nichols' *The Graduate*; the Yardbirds broke it up for Antonioni in *Blow-Up*; Clear Light made an appearance in *The President's Analyst*, and there were others.

The year past also saw the beginnings for at least three films which should make 1968 a year



to watch: *Revolution*, a film primarily about hippies in which several San Francisco bands and hordes of San Francisco residents make appearances; a feature length film about the Monterey Pop Festival, which, when it turns out, will probably turn out beautifully; and *You Are What You Eat*, an eye-opening, sensually delighting and fulfilling film about what was happening in some worlds in 1967.

Privilege told it the way we just know it isn't.

It Happened In 1967



In this day when groups and infrequent solo male artists dominate the music, the public interest and the charts, Aretha's Franklin's incredible commercial success is extraordinarily noteworthy. After a five-year standstill in her performing career, she suddenly broke into 1967 with a series of amazing records: "Respect," "A Natural Woman," "I Never Loved A Man" and "Baby, I Love You."

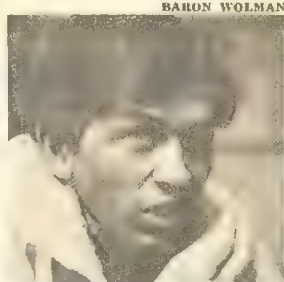
She also made two great albums under the direction of Atlantic Records' Jerry Wexler, the Gavin Report's Executive of the Year: *I Never Loved A Man* and *Aretha Arrives*.

The Woman of the Year Award goes hands down to Aretha Franklin.



BARON WOLMAN

There's no denying that it's there: San Francisco was featured in more magazines and papers this summer than at any time since the earthquake of 1906. Why? The Haight-Ashbury. It was the summer's main topic of breakfast table conversation. To some it was the symbol of the New America; later, for others, it became just another burned-out vision. Whatever it was, whatever it became and whatever it should have been, the impact of it on the American way of life has yet to be fully felt. The Rolling Stone Scene for A Season Award.



The Rolling Stone Chutzpah Award

Michael Bloomfield left the Paul Butterfield Blues Band and formed one of his own, the Electric Flag and subtitled it "An American Music Band." He brought together the heaviest collection of young blues performers yet seen: Harvey Brooks on bass; Barry Goldberg on organ; Nick Gravenites on congas and vocals; Peter Strasse and Marcus Doubleday for brass; and Buddy Miles on drums. The group debuted at Monterey, did the soundtrack for a film, *The Trip*, woodshedded in Mill Valley, and began cutting tracks for one unsuccessful single release and a forthcoming LP.

Michael established himself as a talker in 1967 in the movie *Festival* ("Man, I'm Jewish, you know, I've been Jewish for years. Hell, man, I'm no Son House. I have not been pissed on, stepped on, shitted on. But Butterfield is something else. There's no white bullshit with him. It wouldn't matter if he was green. If he was a planaria, a tuna fish sandwich, Butterfield would still be into the blues"), and at the Monterey Pop Festival, where he delivered an



impromptu talk about youth. For his newly displayed public speaking abilities much the same as his long-known virtuosity on the guitar, *The Rolling Stone Double Barrel Shotgun Award*.

The Monterey International Pop Festival was surely one of the most incredible weekends in the history of California. Despite a stormy beginning and a cloudy ending, those three days in June will be well remembered. Among other things there was gathered at the Fairgrounds the greatest collection of contemporary rock and roll talent ever put together: Otis Redding, Jimi Hendrix, the Who, Paul Butterfield, Electric Flag, Jefferson Airplane, Eric Burdon, Grateful Dead, Big Brother & the Holding Company, Blues Project, Simon & Garfunkel, and the Mama's and Papa's among others. It was a rock and roll paradise.

Unfortunately, pre-festival promises and guarantees were left unfulfilled to complete satisfaction, especially the matter of where the considerable profits were headed. It appeared, though, at the end of the year that the matter would soon be cleared up.

The combination of show business know-how from Los Angeles and the spirit of San Francisco, caused some friction, but the heat of that union produced an event that was a high water mark in the history of rock and roll. Thus, for the Monterey International Pop Festival, one of the two Rolling Stone Great Moments Awards.



Jimi Hendrix was a stunning musical re-export from England in 1967. Originally an R&B sideman and wanderer in America, he left for London with an ex-Animal and returned as the Super Star With The Flaming Guitar.

His recordings of "Are You Experienced," "Foxey Lady" and "Hey Joe" all went virtually unnoticed on the radio as singles, yet his album, *Are You Experienced*, made it high on LP charts, primarily the result of an underground's word-of-mouth.

His spectacular guitar performances, both musical and non-musical, were subject to a little controversy, but the real scam seems to be that he is a very good guitarist and doesn't take his act with any seriousness. At the Monterey Pop Festival, he outdid both himself and Peter Townshend's smashing, by setting his guitar on fire with lighter fluid which he sprayed from a can held at his crotch and then smashed the guitar to shreds and threw the pieces into the audience. For Jumping Jimi, *The Rolling Stone Great Bolls of Fire Award*.



The Rolling Stone Bum Trip of the Year Award

T's group: Steve Cropper, Al Jackson and Duck Dunn. On top of those must be counted people like Aretha Franklin and Wilson Pickett who are heavily indebted to the whole Memphis thing for much of their style and success.

Look at some of the records Stax did in 1967: "Sweet Soul Music," "Soul Finger," "Groovin'," "Green Onions" and "Soul Man." Aretha had her greatest hit with Otis' "Respect," and Pickett continued using Stax produced compositions like his classic "Midnight Hour."

But Memphis also had the most tragic aspect of 1967. In a plane crash in an icy Wisconsin lake, Otis Redding and his backing group, the Bar Kays, were killed while on tour. Otis had just been elected the number one male vocalist of the year by the *Melody Maker*, an English music paper, and was about to become one of the major stars of 1968 and the decade. Everyone around him and everyone who watched, knew that Otis Redding was about to become the "King of them all."

For Otis Redding and the Memphis Sound, the 1967 Soul Award.



If San Francisco was the famous music city of 1967, Memphis was clearly the up-and-coming town at the end of the year. From the studios and stylings of the Stax-Volt Operation in Memphis come such giant talents as Otis Redding, Carla Thomas, Sam and Dave, Booker T. & the MG's, Albert King, Eddie Floyd and other lesser known musicians, such as those included in Booker



THE ROLLING STONE INTERVIEW

This is the second half of an interview with George Harrison conducted by ROLLING STONE's London correspondent, Nick Jones. The first half of the interview appeared in the February 10 issue, which may be obtained by mailing 25c to Harrison Interview c/o Rolling Stone, 746 Brannan St., San Francisco, Calif. 94103.

We were talking about how meditation and yoga leads to self realization.

Yes, that's the whole thing why people have missed God. They haven't been able to see God because he is hidden in themselves. All the time people concentrate their energies and activities outwards on this surface level that we live on.

But it's only by turning your concentration and directing it inwardly, in a form of meditation, that you can see your own god in there. When you realize that then you can realize a lot more things about this surface level—because you're now looking at it from a more subtle point of view.

I mean really there's people on every planet, but going on different planes. Not necessarily in a physical form as we know it, but in a different form.

Like Venus. They've gone to Venus and they come back and say: "Oh, very sorry, it's too hot to live there, and there's none of this," and all that scene, but they're looking for people as we know them, people like us. Really what they're saying is, you can't live on Venus in the physical body as we know it.

As we understand people to be the same as us, then they couldn't possibly live there—but in actual fact, you won't see anybody if you go there unless you're on their frequency.

But how important do you think positive music is in this huge evolutionary cycle?

Yeah, very important. I think there is spiritual music. This is why I'm so hung up on Indian music and from the day I got into it till the day I die I still believe it's the greatest music ever on our level of existence. It's really so, so subtle and that's the whole thing. This level of consciousness now that we're on is

the gross level, which is the opposite to the subtle level.

Everything those Indian musicians do—it's just indescribable. It's an inner feeling, yeah, soul. It's like saying "It's soul man!" You know all this spade music that's going—it's just the first thing people getting into, the soul kick, but when you really get into soul, then—it's God.

[BRAINWASHING WITH MUSIC]

But the music is very important because of the "mass media" point of view. I think music is the main interest of the younger people. It doesn't really matter about the older people now because they're finished anyway. There's still going to be years and years of having all these old fools who are governing us and who are bombing us and doin' all that because, you know, it's always them.

But it's no good getting hung up about them because the main thing is to get the kids. You know, this is the Catholic trick—they nail you when you're young and brainwash you, and then they've got you for the rest of your life.

In actual fact, do this sort of thing—but brainwash people with

the truth—turn them all onto music and books at that age, then they'll live a better life. Then it's the next generation that does it more, and after that... so it doesn't matter if we see the perfection of the Golden Age or not.

I don't expect to see the world in a perfect state of bliss—you know, like 100 per cent—but it doesn't matter, it's on the way now.

So really, with Maharishi, we've gone into all these things and scenes, and I've learned a hell of a lot about Hinduism from being in India, things I've read, and from Ravi Shankar, who's really too much. So great. Not only in his music but in him as well.

This is the thing. He is the music, and the music is him. The whole culture of the Indian philosophy, the background and all that.

Mainly it's this thing of discipline. Discipline is something that we don't like, especially young people where they have to go through school and they put you in the army and all that discipline. But in a different way I've found out it's very important because the only way those musicians are great is because they've been disciplined by their guru or teacher, and they've surrendered themselves to the person they want to be.

It's only by complete surrender and doing what that bloke tells you that you're going to get there, too. So with their music they do just that.

You must practice twelve hours a day for years and years and years. And Shankar has really studied every part of the music until he just improvises the music until it is just him, he is the music.

Was this the point you were trying to make in your ads which said "Sergeant Pepper IS the Beatles?"

I feel this is something we've been trying to do all the time. Keep that identification with people. It gets harder and harder the more famous you get.

[DOWN FROM THE PEDESTAL]

People see you, they put you up on that pedestal and they really believe you're different from them. With Sgt. Pepper we've always tried to keep this identification and tried to do things for those people, to please those people, because in actual fact, they're us, too, really.

It's no good us doing it all for ourselves, it's for them. With Pepper it's just that anybody who feels anybody who wants to be in Pepper's Band is in it. Anybody who feels any identification. And this all gets back again to God.

But at the same time we're all responsible in a way because a lot of people are following us, we're influencing a lot of people, so really, it's to influence them in the right way.

A lot of people, though, never realise what you're giving them?

Well, lots of people do, but then there's always the other ones who write in saying "Why the fuck do you think you are doing that." There's always that, you see, and it all gets back to the thing of the Maharishi and God.

The Maharishi says this level that we're on is like the surface of the ocean which is always changing, chopping and changing, and we're living on the surface with these waves crashing about.

But unless we're anchored on the bottom we're at the mercy of whatever goes on on the surface. So you go into meditation and your thoughts get smaller all the time, finer and finer, until you get right down there until that's just pure consciousness and you anchor yourself to that—and once you've established that anchor then it doesn't matter what goes on up on the surface.

The more people do it the more they'll realize. You can't tell somebody what it's like until they try it for themselves.

If you can contact that absolute state you can just tap that amazing source of energy and intelligence. It's there, anyway—you've just got to contact it and then it will make whatever you do easier and better. Everything in life works out better because everybody is happier with themselves.



David Hemmings in Michelangelo Antonioni's "Blow-Up."

CINEMA '67

BY JONATHAN COTT

One might be surprised to realize that both *Blow Up* and *Bonnie and Clyde* share the same intelligent and excited audiences. Yet Antonioni's film is a perfectly sustained disquisition into the possibility of the existence of reality, while Penn's return to the gangster genre is actually an attempt to recover a reality which is felt palpably to exist and one which audiences need to have torn apart for them. For how else can one run away from home, even if the home one wants to reach is the inevitable funeral pyre (viz. "Light My Fire" and Rank's *Birth of the Hero*)?

But of course Penn sees the mother-daughter reunion scene in *Bonnie and Clyde* as a hallucination of reality—his filtering over-dramatically suggests what the film supposes: that social realities are always dreams. Dreamt by whom? Lewis Carroll and Antonioni look for the Maker, or rather dissolve what people think has been made.

Thus in *Blow Up* the Yardbirds destroy their instruments, breaking down what the photographer tries to re-create, leaving behind only that useless guitar finger board. The Who and Jimi Hendrix explode their instruments in their "real" appearances, but this has to do with the idea, as Blake modestly phrased it, that "Exuberance is Beauty." To Antonioni, raving up is creation dissolving to chaos. Thus rock and roll is a metaphor for reality as well as for art.

In *Don't Look Back*, Bob Dylan talks to belligerent questioners as if to ask "Who are you?" When he walks on stage of Royal Albert Hall, he sees a pretty girl sitting alone and says something like, "At last, a bit of reality." And in the train ride through English industrial towns, charred houses slipping past the window, Dylan just buries his head in

his hands—too tired, too many persons buzzing around, too much there-ness.

Dylan's sense of what is and isn't there is so fine and painful because he knows that one starts from one's own skin. A friend told me a (probably apocryphal) story of Dylan sitting in a New York City cafe seven or eight years ago crying about the destruction of the world—"You were my world"—and it's still the world—Memphis, Mobile, Mexico, and those other names which one calls places, places one is never at when one thinks of them somewhere else. As the Vishvasara Tantra says: "What is here, is elsewhere. What is not here, is nowhere."

[THE WEST DECLINES]

Social reality can exist, in the sense of an anthropologist's definition: "That movement of all, the living aspect, the fleeting instant in which society becomes or in which men become, sentimentally conscious of themselves or of their situation vis-à-vis others." A draft-resisting activist in London talks of the United States as one giant mind which has to be blown: the state as Consciousness. This sweet American idea reveals itself in films. Jean Renoir's pre-war *The Rules of the Game* is of course about social reality—as defined above. But it's specifically about the persons in it—the Jewish aristocrat, the naive Austrian wife, the game warden, et al—persons conscious of their social roles. Recent American films insist on coming across as mythic events.

Thus *The Wild Angels* and *Harper* use the L.A. ambience as an allegorical landscape to depict nothing less than *The Decline of the West*. Paul Newman's private eye Harper drives a beat-up Porsche as he tries to hold on to the basic American Ideals in the face of religious fanatics, gangsters, junkies, frustrated wives and girls named Miranda. *The Wild Angels* tells of an antiChrist angel who rises from the dead with a joint in his mouth. Cool Hand

Luke becomes a Sisyphus-Job figure in spite of himself.

In this kind of situation, when places are taken for the world or a state of mind, people start turning to *Bonnie and Clyde*, *In the Heat of the Night* (the wonderful Ray Charles song is heard over a lovely aerial shot of a cotton plantation looking as it probably did in 1810), and "Ode to Billie Joe." One would think that nuclear families and southern agrarianism were going enterprises. (Just think about the similarities between "Billie Joe" and "I Am a Walrus.") But then people see *Festival* or Dylan's film to experience how reality can be used or lifted up to create something more beautiful—like Degas' dancers sweating behind the curtain and then appearing gracefully poised before you.

[NOT EVERY SCORE SCORES]

Obviously rock should offer the filmmaker a way of seeing things physically alive, as in the dance scene in *The Easy Life*, or, best of all, should work formally to intensify and enlarge the meanings of a film, as in *Scorpio Rising* or Sonneband's *Where Did Our Love Go?* The young filmmaker Alan Clark's excellent "psychedelic" realization of the Butterfield Band's *East-West* also shows what can be done with rock as a subject and object. The feature length films that use rock still think of it as theme-song material, for these films' sense of "drama" cannot permit that sense of opening-up which documentary approaches to cinema, along with rock, allow.

How I Won the War capitalizes on John Lennon's presence to draw in an audience not easily amused by an otherwise ponderous exercise in pseudo-Brechtian technique and British class system jokes: a bad unconscious imitation of Godard's wonderful *Les Carabiniers*. *The Family Way* is another anthropological survey of lower-middle-class English life—impotence trauma and heredity confusion—and Paul McCartney's musical score sentimentally tags the subject

along. *You're a Big Boy Now* uses some real Lovin' Spoonful music and requires unbearable instrumental fill ins. This slick film features New York as a summer festival, pill popping in library stacks, adolescent crisis, and a sweet sexy performance by Elizabeth Hartman. *What's Up, Tiger Lily*, the previous Spoonful film, wastes a happy Sebastian score that would have been beautifully placed in a Cousteau underwater film. Listen to the album in this light.

The present "smash" of the London film scene is not Donovan's music for *Poor Cow*—another sociological drama—but Peter Whitehead's *Tonite Let's Make Love in London* (titled after a line by Allen Ginsberg)—featuring interviews with Michael Caine, Julie Christie, Lee Marvin and Mick Jagger; dolly girls, Alan Aldridge painting up a naked model and the Animals singing *When I Was Young* to film clips of World War I airplane maneuvers. Except for a slow motion sequence showing the Stones singing *Lady Jane* in concert as screaming girls float up on stage like a chrysalis opening up or a fish trying to shed its gills, a delightful interview with painter David Hockney, and a recording session with a misfortunately untalented "pop star" trying to record a "hit" as his producer looks on at him gangster-style as if to inform him of his certain elimination. *Tonite Let's* exploits certain styles of life to create its own unaffectionate scene—corny psychedelic animation dance sequences, murky yellow filters for most of the interviews.

Until we find a happy successor to *Hard Day's Night*, *What's Happening* (the Mayles brothers' unreleased film of the Beatles' first tour to the U.S.), and *Don't Look Back*, we can only hope that groups supervise or make their own home movies and that a genius filmmaker like San Francisco's Jordan Belson will allow a film like *Re-Entry* to be shown often in order to expand the possibilities of real filmic light shows.

BY JON LANDAU

One of the dominant qualities of the popular music media that emerged in 1967 was the speed with which some new trends can be created, disseminated, and be eclipsed. Whole styles can come and go in a matter of months. This aspect of rock and roll applies particularly to the middle-class segment of the pop audience, which is predominantly white and well-educated. The other side of the coin is that, with an audience that doesn't fit this description, changes are much slower in coming and expressive musical modes can sustain themselves for much longer periods of time than modes which appeal to the "hip" audience. People who can relate to the blues as the basic element of their musical diet are not constantly searching for new extensions of the mode (even though "A Whiter Shade of Pale," of all things, occupied the number one position on the R&B charts for several weeks last year). They prefer the "refining of the basics," which is what happened with Negro music this past year.

In fact, black music provides rock with the continuity which allows developments like the rise of San Francisco to take place. The mass audience can adopt new sounds and groups for short periods of time, and when it becomes exhausted with them it knows it can return to styles which are generally less abstract and more down to earth. The fact of the continuity of black music accounts for the overall pattern of development taking place in '67.

The first part of the year was marked by the rise to national prominence of San Francisco and L.A. and what the industry chose to call "psychedelic" music. There was subsequently a mad dash of imitators and exploiters who tried to hop on that bandwagon, a gradual watering and wearing down of the style, and by the end of the year the whole thing was in the process of being eclipsed commercially by soul music, which is, at this time, clearly the most significant trend on the charts.

The hang-up with the West Coast seemed to me to be its superficiality. Musically, it is too often ornamental without solid foundation. West Coast drummers are seldom able to hold their own, despite their technical excellence—Spencer Dryden is the perfect example. The sound is, for my tastes, too abstract and too intellectualized.

The other important developments in white rock which were of some consequence emanated from England. The Stones and the Beatles continued their domination for better or worse, but what is interesting for our purposes was the arrival of the Cream, Jimi Hendrix, the Who, and Procol Harum, plus several other groups who didn't quite make it in such style, like the wonderful Spencer Davis Group and Stevie Nicks' Traffic. While the two front-runners were treated with tremendous respect by American audiences (too much in my view) dissension has been heard recently, particularly in the East where some were disillusioned by the latest album of each group. Meanwhile, the Cream are proving that they are more flash than content. (Their second album is an inexcusable bummer combining poor singing with some horrible melodies, awful production by Felix Pappalardi, and academic, totally detached instrumental work.) The Who and Procol compensated for Cream, however, with two of the finest non-blues albums of the year, *Happy Jack* and *Procol Harum*.

Contiguous with all these developments in white pop, most of which occurred before the end of summer, black music was doing a great deal, and in September the pendulum seemed to swing away from English and West Coast sounds to soul in one form or another.

Most of the developments in soul this year came out of Memphis and Motown. However some interesting independent things happened which should also be noted. One of the nicest of these was ABC starting its Bluesway label on which they have

been releasing blues albums ranging from fair to first rate. One of the best of these released last year was *Blues Is King* by B. B. King. King has become fairly well known at this point, partially as a result of all of Mike Bloomfield's comments, and partially through his engagements on the West Coast and in New York. He is probably the best practicing bluesman performing at this time (along with the granddaddy, Muddy Waters, who also had a good traveling year and just gets mellower, but never older).

There was a revival of the non-

involved in production there have either left or dried up.

The Supremes are hopeless as a rock group. They are totally committed to show business values and lost their soul long ago. The Four Tops, whom I love dearly, didn't do what they should have this year and continued to live off their earliest hits, which does not detract from the artistic success of their *Greatest Hits* album. They haven't released any singles in a while and perhaps this implies that they are renovating their sound and exploring new avenues. I hope so; it would be a horrendous

SOUL '67



Motown type of groups fashioned after Curtis Mayfield's Impressions—the style of sweet but powerful lead voice and high-pitched back-up voices from which Motown copied so much. The best new practitioners of the style to emerge this year were on Billy Sheppard's Bunky Records—the Esquires—and they had an almost good-timey smash with "Get On Up." The Impressions themselves have finally got a hit on their hands with their lovely "We're A Winner."

The other non-establishment motion this year in black music came from James Brown. James had been having his troubles, and still has troubles with the anachronistic label he records for, King Records. Around September he at last began to move with his knockout, "Cold Sweat." James is definitely the jazziest soul star around and he is the best scat singer in the business today. His new single, "There Was A Time," is an exquisite record and is the culmination of the developments in his style that took place in 1967.

At Motown, which is still the leading thing in black singles, things got a little rough this year. Some of Motown's antiquated policies such as its album concept are severely limiting its capacity for growth. In addition, some of the people traditionally in-

loss if they were to simply go the way of the Supremes.

The Temptations didn't quite come through this year, their earliest hit being their best of the year, "I'm Losing You." However, Martha and Stevie Wonder did do beautiful things working with some relatively new people, and between them they came up with "I Was Made To Love Her," "I'm Wondering" (a record that deserves to be more widely known) and "Honey Chile." The teaming of Marvin Gaye and Tammi Terrell was an unqualified success. It produced the finest Motown single of the year, "There Aint No Mountain High Enough." Producer Harvey Fuqua, who was with Marvin Gaye over a decade ago in the Moonglows, is coming on very strong as both a producer and a song-writer. His work with Marvin and Tammi is just brilliant. Also, dig Marvin's new solo single, "You." Just great.

In general the end of the year left us with some very optimistic signs coming out of Detroit. The advent of Gladys Knight and the Pips with their very un-Motown formula hit of "I Heard It Through The Grapevine" and a beautiful album, *Everybody Needs Love*, indicated a real potential for growth. Special credit must go to Norman Whitfield, the

producer, who took the group out of the ironclad Motown formula and got them into some subtle things with lots of variation from cut to cut.

The brilliant new single by the Temptations, "I Wish It Would Rain," is a real step forward for that group, again with production by Whitfield. What is particularly impressive about this record is that it shows Whitfield is capable of drawing on non-Motown sources such as, in this case, the piano in Dionne Warwick's "Message to Michael." If these records reflect a new direction in general which is developing in Detroit, it is definitely a cause for celebration. As it stands, for all their problems, I think Motown is the most consistent producer of imaginative and powerful singles in the country, bar none. They are a totally professional operation and they have a fantastic group of artists, producers, and musicians to work with. There is always something interesting happening on one of their singles. The only real question is whether or not they can grow.

But, as black music goes, the most important new development to take place during the year was the rise of the Memphis sound and the refinement of Atlantic's work in R&B. Atlantic is of course the distributor of the Stax-Volt labels and the combined group of artists from all three labels include Aretha Franklin, Sam and Dave, Carla Thomas, Booker T., Albert King, Wilson Pickett, Arthur Conley, Eddie Floyd and William Bell. During the second part of the year there was a remarkable commercial surge towards this group of artists and they dominated the charts for a good part of the fall and winter. Stax-Volt succeeded in doubling its record sales during 1967; Atlantic's sales were up phenomenally.—Sam and Dave, Arthur Conley and Booker T. each received gold records. Aretha got three for her singles and one for her first album.

The type of soul these people represent lacks the rock polish of Motown and is not as consistently satisfying in some respects, but the high points they achieved this year were the best things done in all of soul. The intimacy and closeness of the style served as a powerful antidote to the Coast's plasticity and impersonality, as well as to Motown's slickness. Memphis proved to be the least inhibited music center in the country despite the Coast's pretensions. Their stuff makes you feel free because, in a musical sense, the people who are making it are free.

The unqualified success of Memphis soul was marred by the loss of Otis Redding. He was buried last December in Macon at a funeral attended by 6,000 people, including James Brown, Percy Sledge, Carla Thomas, Wilson Pickett, Aretha Franklin, Sam and Dave, Stevie Wonder, Jackie Wilson, Arthur Conley, Joe Tex and Booker T. and the MGs. Among people who are involved with soul music both professionally and simply as enthusiasts, there was no serious question that Otis was the leader. What makes his loss even more painful is the fact that shortly before his death he was clearly beginning to move in new directions. The fact of the matter is that he was just beginning. He was deeply impressed by his encounter with the Coast during the summer and his last recording before the accident related his feelings about being in San Francisco: "Sitting By The Dock of The Bay." It is an utterly moving and beautiful record and shows better than any other the depth and warmth of which Otis was capable.

1968 has begun on a very optimistic note with the release of John Wesley Harding by Bob Dylan. In much the same way that Otis existed as a counterweight to the thinness of white pop, Dylan's latest work shows that he has been thinking about the same thing. He seems to be concerned that with all that band behind him, perhaps he wasn't really communicating with his audience on a genuinely personal level. In that sense Dylan is part of a general movement which began in Memphis and which may be happening in other places: the move from head music to earth music. If so, 1968 may hold some surprises for all of us.



B. B. KING

—Continued from Page 10
where they have a lot of jazz musicians, we find that we can play something up in tempo then and they'll dig it. They like it, you know. Well, if not like it, they'll accept it. When if we were playing a dance you can't do it. So usually I try and play something that's comfortable for us. But with the public in mind.

Many of these young players coming along today have been really turned on by the way you play the guitar. People like Mike Bloomfield... do you hear yourself coming back from those bands?

He's wild. Well, yes, I believe I do. I don't want to stick my neck out there but I think so. But I'm grateful that some of them seem to like me, I'm grateful because to me, it seemed to open a few doors for us,

that seemed like they was never going to be opened. And we're glad when people like Mike and the rest of the fellows will take up some of the things that we do. We're very happy. Because until the days of rock and roll, a lot of times a lot of the places just wouldn't accept us. I'm not speaking racially, I'm just talking about where people as a whole just wouldn't accept us, in some of these places the door's open now for you to go into. Because of people like Mike, Elvis Presley, the Beatles, Fats Domino and people like that helped us out quite a bit.

What do you want to do with your music? And with your singing?

Play the best that I can. Reach as many people as I can, as many countries. In other words, I'd like the whole world to be able to hear B. B. King sing and play the blues.

ROME FESTIVAL IS OFF

—Continued from Page 1

The telegram, if translated in concrete terms, means that only one American group had signed and all others were wary or refused to go; few groups from any other country had accepted; there was no publicity because the press did not trust the Festival (ROLLING STONE Vol. 1, No. 5) and finally, as it came down to the wire, the Festival Board, a still mysterious body decided to pull out.

The earthquake in Sicily is a phony excuse, because the Festival Board met when the earthquake happened and decided to go ahead despite the disaster.

The whole operation seemed so shaky from the first that Bill Graham, the manager of Jefferson Airplane, personally flew to Rome to check out the situation. He immediately decided to withdraw the Airplane's acceptance and reported back to San Francisco that the Festival organization was in chaos and that if the seven day show was put on, it would be a mess. Shortly thereafter the postponement decision was announced.

The legal position of those groups which signed contracts is not clear. If a group could prove damages—for example, they cancelled to make the Rome affair—they might have grounds for a suit. Ed Denson, manager of Country Joe and the Fish, is considering action, but now thinks it is unlikely.

But few American groups were burned because they never took the Festival very seriously in the first place.

The Festival took itself very seriously. Consciously aping the mode of the Monterey Pop Festival with the hope of sharing Monterey's tremendous success, it had early announced a long list of the charities which would receive the projected thousands of profit. But compared to Rome, Monterey was a model of efficiency,

innovation, and independence. Monterey was a three day experiment that worked; Rome sounded like a seven day drag that could barely have gotten through its length without total collapse.

A Festival in May or June seems more feasible on the surface, with good weather almost assured and large numbers of tourists to draw from. But it's a long time to May and with this Festival, it's best not to count the chickens.



a popular music

about eight just me
and my radio and
it's almost time
for the very latest news a year
since lenny bruce o.d.'ed more
than twenty after someone
did bugsy siegel in
shot his right eye
right out

(what music!)
where are the pianists named
rags lie discarded on the floor
trombone cases
hold trombones an invitation
to the dance

and johnny
jumped right over the marble
counter into the teller's cage and
his pistol, levelly, under that
[frightened]

nose and
laughed where is
the uncut snow of yesteryear
postwar junkies use
plastic needles is this
what the boys

why we
let lucky out of the joint
who delivered sicily
to the allies charlie
lucky who always delivered
[the marathon]

dance and bird
died for you charlie
parker just tucked
his horn under and now
is still the time how does
that grab you mr jones
and mr jagger

twenty
years later and the trinity
they say much the same music
drugs and costumes only bird
is white some rock
band's lead guitarist

larry
and crazy joe big men
in brooklyn and mr charlie
watts those arrangements so
up-to-date

don't you love it
—JERROLD GREENBERG

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RECORDS:



Wild Honey, The Beach Boys (Capitol T2859)

The fact that the Beach Boys are apparently formally back on the Capitol label, rather than on their own label ("Brothers Records" which was distributed by Capitol), is a good clue to the direction of their latest album. They have retrenched musical forces for a more solid approach after the disaster of their *Smiley Smile* (Brothers Records 0001), an abortive attempt to match the talents of Lennon and McCartney.

This new record is the convalescence after the illness, a necessary pause and — since standing still is moving into the past — a step backward. Through most of the album the approach is a simple one: add the Beach Boy harmony and vocal style to pre-existing ideas and idioms. Of course, the approach is still unsatisfactory compared to the time when the Beach Boys were making their own idiom.

The title track is one of the nicest:

Want to hear REAL blues? Sonny Boy, Big Mama, Lightning, Blind Boy Fuller, Clifton Chenier, Bukka White, etc.??? A stamp brings our complete LP catalog, ARHOOIE - Box 9195 Berkeley, Cal. 94179.

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theremin, heavily chorded piano and a repetitious melody line. The sexual associations are a touch too obvious, and the sock-it-to me line really out of place.

"Aren't You Glad" is a Lovin' Spoonful type song with the Beach Boy touch ("I've got a heart that just won't stop beating for you..."). The group puts the same sort of Southern California make on Stevie Wonder's fantastic "I Was Made to Love Her." It is a competent version; whether you like it depends on whether Stevie Wonder means anything to you.

"Country Air" is the most relaxed and naturally achieved synthesis of innocence and sophistication that the Beach Boys are aiming for. Whether or not they recognize the success of this inconspicuously placed song, hugely successful in terms of what they have so obviously been aiming for, is doubtful. The song is about the Rousseauian-styled life of simplicity in the woods. The opening orchestral riffs set a thoroughly pastoral mood, and the single, well positioned cry of a rooster signals the entrance of the voices. The lyrics are unconsciously simplified, the simplicity which is the beauty of the whole Beach Boy stance since "Surfin' USA." They say "Get a breath of that country air, Breathe the beauty of the everywhere."

"Darlin'" is the song in which the Beach Boys really take R&B styling (which is what they did obviously with "I Was Made to Love Her," and less obviously, but not less subtly, on "Wild Honey,") and make it work in an original way. "How She Boogalooed It" recalls, in another R&B effort, the surfin' guitar rhythms of the Beach Boys of yore.

It's kind of amusing that the Beach Boys are suddenly re-discovering rhythm and blues five years after the Beatles and Stones had brought it all back home, but it is probably indicative of the transmutation of the blues that is making R&B currently so popular with the public at large.

In any case it's good to see that the Beach Boys are getting their heads straight once again.



Tenderness Junction The Fugs (Reprise 6280)

The Fugs are their same frenzied selves. *Tenderness Junction*, the group's third release, and first since early 1966, contains ten tunes; three political, one chant, and the remaining half-dozen dealing with sex in the conventional Fugsian style of "groaning and moaning." Reportedly running changes and groping more deeply into the music, they have cut an album that sounds almost exactly like their two previous releases. (One LP, *The Fugs Eat It*, was produced and promoted, but never marketed.) Some of the sidemen are different, and the instrumentation is slightly varied, but there is limited originality and excessive harshness. The cohesion of the earlier discs is missing.

Ken Weaver's drumming is the main strength of the record. He develops several swinging, foot-tapping beats, particularly on "Knock Knock," probably the best put-together track. Ed Sanders, while no Mick Jagger, carries this tune off well. His voice has become one of the trademarks of the group, with its raucous delivery of the lyrics. With the exception of "Knock Knock" and "Fingers of the Sun," the songs are marred by the inability of the band to match Weaver's consistency. Only on "The Garden is Open" does Dan Kootch give his electric violin a real workout.

With "Dover Beach" the Fugs return to the English poets for inspiration, this time Matthew Arnold. Swinburne and Blake have been fugged before. These poets, with their pom-

pous phrasing, lend themselves to the group's parodies. "Hare Krishna" displays the sextet's uncanny ability to make every chant sound like a Jewish cantor. This is probably due to the rapping between Allen Ginsberg and Tuli Kupferberg.

Too many of the musical changes are repeats of prior efforts. The band's thing is not a refined sound, but it must be smoothed somewhat, and the electronic effects straightened out. Fug feedback should be exorcised from the amplifiers. Surprisingly, one of their better songs, "Saran Wrap," has yet to be issued. Ed Sanders and his cohorts are definitely on a mystery tour. *Tenderness Junction* may have been the coming together of the group's members, but they didn't merge right. This release will warm bodies of only the most earnest Fugs' fans.

ROBERT GREENBERG



Everything Playing, The Lovin' Spoonful (Kama Sutra KLPS 8061)

Despite the beauty of John Sebastian's composing talents and sweet voice, there is something basically disquieting about this recording, especially to old Spoonful fans. It's no longer the Lovin' Spoonful as we knew it, but something basically much different and not quite as good.

The music that the Spoonful previously made was always intimately involved with their stance as people. The peculiar feeling they evolved in their music, from "Daydream" to "Nashville Cats" can be defined to its last degree by the way the Spoon-

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ful came on as individuals, and as a group.

Just take a look at the dust-slip used inside this album. One side has pictures of their other records and the other is that classic picture of the group together: all heaped in a very happy pile, Zally with his incredible grin and John Sebastian in the glasses he made famous. For this group, a *lovin' spoonful*, the collective personality was expressed through the music.

Then turn to the back cover of the album jacket. They've changed considerably. So has the music, and much in the same way.

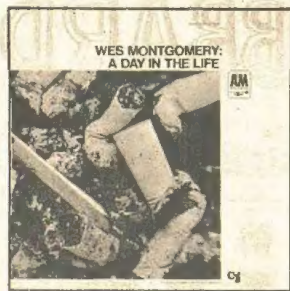
"Boredom," with its weeping guitars of Nashville, is archetypically sad and winsome in the Sebastian style. "Priscilla Millionaire" has touches of the same, but is not brought to a successful conclusion. "Forever," an instrumental track, again has a very pretty theme, but that's all. Other than the theme—and the mood it sets—there's no substance in arrangement, instrumentation or performance.

Like "Boredom," "Money" is another very groovy track. It has a banjo and—for the delight of all those who type while listening—a typewriter picks up the percussion. The delightful way in which Sebastian has transmogrified the sincerity and folksiness of country and western music is happily apparent in "Money."

"Younger Generation," Sebastian's attempt at moralizing which is not very effective because the idea which operates behind it—each succeeding generation making the same mistakes on the next as the previous one made on it—is rather clichéd, and "Only Pretty, What a Pity," a song written by Joe Butler and new group member Jerry Yester, formerly of the Association, are two bombs, especially the latter. There's just nothing to it, and it's real disappointing.

There is a damaging contrast between those two tracks (and the closing number, "Close Your Eyes," must also be included among the unsuccessful cuts), and the songs like "Boredom," "Money," and "Try A Little Bit," which is a gem of successfully mixed styles and instrumental techniques.

One of the things sadly lacking from the whole album, is the guitar work of Zal Yanovsky, who is now working solo. Listen back on some of the old records and you'll find his lead work extremely tasty. But the main thing is that although there are some nice songs in this album, as a whole it is very disappointing. The spirit doesn't really seem to be there anymore.



A Day In The Life, Wes Montgomery (A & M SP3001)

Wes Montgomery, long a noted jazz guitarist, recently recorded a song that became quite popular on AM radio "Top 40" stations. The song—"Windy"—is on the album, *A Day In The Life*, and it is actually one of the least interesting of the ten songs on the album. It probably was selected to be a single only by virtue of the fact that it is just two minutes and twenty seconds long. It is one of the few songs on the album which is not excellently arranged.

The arranging on this album is done by Don Sebesky, whose work strongly resembles that of Oliver Nelson—except that it is considerably better! On this album, Sebesky conducts a thirty piece orchestra, which includes Herbie Hancock on piano and Ron Carter on bass, both of whom play regularly with Miles

Davis. (Hancock composed the hit "Watermelon Man.")

Montgomery plays two Lennon and McCartney compositions, the title tune and "Eleanor Rigby." His other selections run from old standards ("Willow Weep For Me") to show tunes ("The Joker") and from rhythm-and-blues (the Percy Sledge hit "When A Man Loves A Woman") to Top 40 material ("California Nights" and "Windy"). The latter are the only ones which do not work. Though the tunes are not really bad, and the guitar playing is, as usual, excellent, both of these songs sound entirely too much like the teeny-bopper fare that they are.

On "A Day In The Life," "When A Man Loves A Woman" and "The Joker," Sebesky makes especially good use of the strings. And listen to Herbie Hancock's piano on these tracks and on "Trust In Me" and "Eleanor Rigby."

It is a shame that the majority of rock fans have not yet begun listening to modern but non-avant garde jazz artists such as Wes Montgomery, Jimmy Smith and Horace Silver. *A Day in the Life* is an excellent chance to find out what's going on in this area.

BRUCE NYE



Song Cycle Van Dyke Parks (Warner Bros. 1727)

Rock music is finally becoming composed music, growing from Phil Spector and Burt Bacharach. Bacharach contributed a purely popular legacy while Spector with Jack Nitzsche remained in the rock mainstream; out of them grew the Beach Boys, with *Pet Sounds* remaining the greatest romantic statement in rock writing. The Beatles have never essentially participated in this field, theirs being ad hoc construction of sound, a field the Mothers have invaded, as well as remaining to rock what Kurt Weill was to the musical theater. Meanwhile Motown has always canned arrangements in metrically divided temporal space even more sophisticated than Spector; yet until now only the Mothers have broken away from song structure, the now being Van Dyke Parks, co-author of the last Beach Boy record of merit ("Heroes and Villains"), and now in charge of *Song Cycle*.

Van Dyke Parks may come to be considered the Gertrude Stein of the new pop music, for unlike the Beatles and the Rolling Stones, his is not mass circulation music, in fact it approaches being an inaccessible lattice work of structured sound, which in itself is a major contribution to formalism in rock. In "The All Golden" the possibility of sound as music within in the framework of form (and not à la Milton Babbitt) comes through very clearly in several seconds of a train whistle that only slowly manifests itself as the train whistle it is; the record is full of such musical about-faces (such as the variations on "Donovan's Colours"), from tack piano to balalaika to bomb (the possibility explored with the suggestive silence between "The All Golden" and "Van Dyke Parks"). Parks is a romantic in many ways, but his structure is strangely open, progressing across space much as George Shearing's conceptions for guitar, vibes and piano.

Parks can't really sing (not like Brian), so his voice is transfigured into taped mutations, becoming an integral part of his lush/noise compositional structure. Compared to an earlier, quite pretentious try at composed rock (Chad and Jeremy's "Progress Suite"), *Song Cycle* presents us with the work of a creative genius. The album is hardly perfect,

but familiarity breeds awe a what, for a first album, has been accomplished. If the Beatles pull themselves together, this may be their next step in the breakaway from song form variations on a theme—significantly though, Van Dyke Parks is there first. Listening to *Song Cycle* may not bring love but it most certainly will bring music liberation.

JIM MILLER



John Wesley Harding, Bob Dylan (Columbia CS9604)

So, there is this semi-recognizable cat on the front of the album out there in the woods, looking like some friend of Baudelaire, way back in 1844 in "Le Vieux Quartier" of Paris—with a few friends from inside the walls. You might well ask, "What's it all about?"

The music is again a brilliant electronic adaptation of rural blues and country and western sounds. A swaying harp picks out the title track, "John Wesley Harding." A statement is made about the concept of everyday Good and Evil. Harding is Johnny Cash's outlaw figure, "he was never known to hurt an honest man"—folk-hero of a different kind, John Wesley Harding—"a friend to the poor." Call him Robin Hood if it means more to you. He was offering you "a helping" hand, and was this a man really to be hunted and punished?

With all the spiced crispness of the Elizabethan verse of some Samuel Daniel, Dylan expresses in this early morning incidents, "As I Went Out One Morning," all the beauty of a different concept of Love: in his knowing, he can only refuse the hand of this "fairest damsel," as he must. This Sad-eyed Lady, reaching out for another answer, finds only a rejection. In her asking she condemns herself: "I will secretly accept you, and together we'll fly South." Dylan lets her go her own way, also so "sorry for what she's done."

In "Dreaming of St. Augustine," some parallels are found with the bent track of all our lives. St. Augustine, who also sought an answer in a life of deprivation, of spiritual and physical agony, ("with a blanket, underneath his arm" as he went "searching for the very souls that already have been sold,") found in the end a similar humility to that expressed by Dylan here. The two concepts of Saint and Devil blended here—"There is no martyr amongst you now"; compared to Mozart, so "Come out you gifted Kings and Queens" and do your thing. And "know you're not alone." The immense compassion Dylan feels is shown only too clearly: he tells us that "He put his finger to the glass and bowed his head and cried."

There is hope for those still on the other side. With a delicate rippling harp-ending, Dylan tells us with all his gentleness how easy it is to break once and for all the clouded glass.

The opening lines of "All Along the Watchtower" resemble a wandering entrance through Dark Portals ("There must be some way out of here."). Dylan speaks in an almost apocalyptic vein of the Fall to come. He has told us frequently in his poetry of his acceptance of Chaos: "businessmen may drink my wine, ploughmen dig my earth; none of them along the line know what any of it is worth."

Yet there is some hope in the minds of those who watch eagerly from the turrets: "There are many here amongst us who feel life is just a joke." There could be a New Day for the Princes and their Ladies—of realized, once thought impossible, differences, and a dancing tapestry

of endless sounds and colors. For those who wait, "the hour is getting late."

Perhaps the most important track on the album is "Frankie Lee and Judas Priest." This too real, even surrealistic, dialogue between two opposed parties attains a steam-hammer urgency. (It recalls the "Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll" in its intensity.) The enormous gulf between the turned-on honesty of Judas Priest and his charity ("My loss will be your gain") as he pulled out a roll of tens, and the baffled, suspicious questioning of Frankie Lee is a stage-piece. Judas, the knowing, says the money will all disappear and "Pointed down the road and said 'Eternity.'"

This vision of a Golden Age—though "you might call it Paradise"—is not so far off. Judas the Priest, the one who has really seen, does not put Frankie down, but rather as a friend is just willing to wait until he can also find the laughing way out of it all. The limits of conventional Paradise are well known to the young, as they are to the "neighborhood child who walked along with his guilt so well concealed." And as Dylan whoops his way through a jubilant exit, one cannot help thinking of what might be changed soon, if one does "not go mistaking Paradise for that home across the road."

"Drifter's Escape" is a weird Kafkaesque judgment. Dylan, as ever, catches the exact pulse of these days—just as with "The Times They Are A-Changing" and *Highway 61*. Here is the nation, as its own jury and judge, and the Trial has commenced. The Vietnam war, symbolized in the court and its process, has a personal and national level: "help me in my weakness" for "my time it isn't long." The choice is there. The consequences of no rational answer to the whole problem were made only too clear in Peter Watkins' *The War Game*. The choice is Black and White "you fail to understand why must you even try?"). Good and Evil exist only on Man's terms. The tapping chords of a bass guitar ("outside the crowd was stirring") as an asking minstrel voice tells us of the lighting that could strike and who will be the victor then—the Drifter?

Side Two begins in the simple terms typical of the whole album. The elegant restraint of his plea for sanity ("my burden is heavy, my dreams are beyond control") amid the grasping hand of capitalistic machinery is overwring. Gone is the harsh attack of Dylan's previous compositions; "Dear Landlord" is a statement of what goes on around here sometimes. Dylan knows that they too "have suffered much although in that you are not unique" and questions the emptiness, bitterness and unhappiness of the supposedly rich and the vacuous, non-reality of "things that you can feel, but just cannot touch." The song is a plea to those out there. Dylan "is not about to argue or move to some other place." With final resignation he says "If you don't underestimate me, I won't underestimate you."

"I Am A Lonesome Hobo" recalls (as does the picture of Bob, on the sleeve), a 15-year-old Arthur Rimbaud on the cobbled streets of Belgium, and his miniature masterpiece *My Bohemian Existence*. The serving of "time" that first questioning of established values of many career and personal desires, that unique nature of personal choice, brought us all down here with Dylan.

Brilliantly Dylan reverses the role of the Hobo and tells us what road one may end up on if one does not "stay free from petty jealousies, live by no man's code," hold your judgment for yourself and keep cool.

In "I Pity the Poor Immigrant," almost to the tune of "Irene Goodnight," Dylan suggests the immense sympathy he has for those who have dared to cut the rope and be free from the life of being one, "who lies with every breath, who passionately hates himself, and likewise fears his death." He realizes the trials of anybody who pushes through to this side of the Looking Glass. The immigrant, having seen through the enormous paradox of wealth and poverty on this earth, seeks another way. The

—Continued on Page 22

Dylan Album: His Best Yet

—Continued from Page 21

song ends with open tenderness for those who have made the journey.

Just who the "Wicked Messenger" is, is unimportant, except to say that one knows his faces only too well. With "his mind that multiplied the smallest matter," and all the old hang-ups of flattery and dealing, Messenger is but total Self-deception. With epic descending interludes Dylan tells us to reject it all: the bid was made behind the Assembly Hall and it did not come to pass. Seek the truth as it is, not as it is laid upon you. Many now seek a way, but, "if you cannot bring good luck, then don't bring any."

"I'll Be Your Baby Tonight" is such a simple answer. The minor chords jangle the shattered staircases of all our fears: "You don't have to worry anymore," "You don't have to be afraid." Woman's age-old fear of unwanted and unloved children has no more relevance. The song ranks alongside "Ramona" and "It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry," as an epic, lyrical love song. So tonight "kick your shoes off do not fear." As the hang-ups recede you will forget the moon when somebody lies in your arms tonight. Love really isn't anything to regret on equal terms.

Without a doubt this is another major musical step for Bob Dylan. The predominance of country blues—white and black—from Hank Williams to Leadbelly is unprecedented in the new electric music. The steel guitar conjures shades of the Black Ace on many a front porch down South. As to the usual message and meaning, anybody can feel the return to a cooler, more hip, almost shrugged-shoulder awareness of the whole scene revolving around here. The commitment is, as always, frighteningly sincere. And Bob would no doubt agree that J. S. Bach did try also, so really hard, to tell us that the seagulls had wings to fly.

GORDON MILLS



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Cream Explore New Ideas

—Continued from Page 8

the pop scene with obviously spectacular ideas, gimmicks, or musical illusions. Do they want to or need to resort to "the hard sell"?

"We do a lot of new things," answered Jack Bruce. "In fact that's our scene, getting into new things. That's where we are and that's what we're doing getting closer to each other, finding ourselves and gradually getting into the right material."

"I think in a lot of ways we do things that are completely new—it's just that they're not inclined to be things as spectacular as the Stones 3D sleeve or something that is bound to attract a lot of attention."

Eric added: "Also we spend more time on stage than almost any other group. Most of the people who bring out really splendid albums have much more time than we do in the recording studios. I mean our last album was completely spontaneous and as it happened at the time—it wasn't produced at all—it was just us without a lot of fine production."

"It's just a fact that we're heavy musicians," said Jack. "It's not something that's just happened. We've always been that way and it's just that people are beginning to notice."

"For me a new thing is to find an interval, to find a combination of chords or something that hasn't been used before. Those are the new things the Cream do. But they're not things to frighten people into following us and probably a lot of people don't hear a lot of the things."

"Yeah," continued Eric, "you know that 'We're Going Wrong' was in fact made in two different keys but we mixed them in in such a way that it's not very noticeable—you're supposed to dig the overall effect and atmosphere of the number—not the fact that it's in two keys. I mean it wouldn't work if you did notice it."

"The last time we were in the States a lot of people in New York, you know, jazzers and people like that, were amazed that a pop group was doing such things and that we could get away with them."

"But I know what the fans mean and we try to please everybody. A lot of times when we're on stage there is a terrific temptation to go further out but then you hold back because some people aren't going to understand."

"Mind you," concluded Jack, "I still think that the Cream are the furthest-out group musically."

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